TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

IS Canada to have a great steel and coal corporation, an amalgamation of the now existing interests? Unless the ticker lies, which it seldom does in great industrial movements, the plan is already on foot. For a country as small as Canada yet is in the matter of population, the deal would be a tremendous size, $75,000,000, $80,000,000, perhaps $100,000,000 would be involved. The fact that James Ross, who controls the destinies of the Dominion Coal Company has been approached with a view of buying out his interests, said to amount to some 50,000 shares, is now pretty well authenticated; while the sudden and determined rise in Dominion Iron and Steel stock, in Dominion Coal and in Nova Scotia Steel and Coal, all give grounds for believing that the movement has been injected with something more substantial than hot air and stock manipulation.

Any movement by which the Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal companies can be brought into close and permanent relationship will be looked upon as a forward step in the industrial development of Canada. For years these two corporations have been at each other's throats. It has been a battle of financial giants in which the stockholder at the ring side has been the real sufferer. They came together, one leasing to the other. Then there were hard knocks exchanged, with the result that money which should ultimately have gone into betterments or dividends was divided up between lawyers and law costs. In the history of these two concerns we have had the Steel crowd and the Coal crowd, the Montreal crowd and the Toronto crowd. James Ross and Senator Cox worked at cross purposes; the Forgets and James Ross fought it out; Sir William Van Horne took sides against Mr. Ross and resigned from the Coal Company directorate. The industrial giants of Canada were divided into two camps, and are yet for that matter. Some speak as they pass and some don't. The fight has been on in earnest, but the hour appears to have arrived for the referee to call time.

We are getting too busy in this country to allow personal enmities, discord and animosities to stand in the way of progress. Let's move up to the next stage.

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AFTER fourteen months in the frozen north our own "Cap" Bernier has returned to civilization. The Captain and the good ship Arctic did not discover the North Pole, though the Captain had a hand in the business inasmuch as he took in supplies for Dr. Cook, leaving the same at Etah. The purpose of the expedition was to hoist the Canadian flag upon far Northern lands, and Captain Bernier appears to have accomplished his mission in a workmanlike manner.

For twenty-odd years the one ambition of Bernier's life has been a dash Northward to the Pole, and that he should have been the one to aid Frederick Cook to this end, seems a strange irony of fate. For years Bernier button-holed politicians, talked to Boards of Trade, interviewed private citizens of wealth, in fact left no stone unturned in his endeavor to gather together the necessary funds for a Pole-seeking journey. But in those days no one took Bernier seriously. He had yet to win his spurs as an explorer, though even then he was by no means inexperienced in navigating the waters of the Far North.

Captain Bernier has long been the butt of politicians; but Bernier is no fool, and that he is a capable officer and knows his business is proven by the fact that he not only brought back the Arctic spick and span as the day she left Quebec, but every officer and man is in his place.

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A GENTLEMAN who signs himself "A Son of the Manse" writes partially in defence of the rebate system among Ministers on the grounds that the clergyman is usually underpaid. "Where do you find a class of men so highly educated," says he, "who receive such meagre remuneration? A man entering the ministry of necessity bids farewell to all chance of becoming wealthy whether he would or no. For mark you, let him be found guilty of making a stock speculation or of engaging in any secular calling, and he becomes a victim at once of very possibly that same class of people who cry out against rebates to clergymen as seriously effecting a minister's spiritual prestige in his congregation. Taken altogether this body of men are entitled to much more consideration from the world at large."

Still another gentleman writing to SATURDAY NIGHT (both letters will be found in this issue) states: "It is only a combination kitchen gardener and preacher who can exist on our country circuits."

These opinions only go to bear out the conclusions reached by those who have made a special study of the financial aspects of the situation. The church is, broadly speaking, in a bad way as regards finances. In other professions the ever-increasing expenses of living have been met by augmented incomes, but the clerical income has for some reason or other failed to keep pace with the times. The minister in many of our country districts, as well as those in the United States, is still drawing the same old $500 or $600 per year, whereas these sums have to-day not much over half the purchasing power of twenty years ago.

In some instances the fault appears to lie in the fact that contributions are not coming into the churches as they once did. Rich men in all parts of the Continent sicken and die, but it is seldom indeed that any goodly proportion of their fortunes comes the way of the church. To museums of natural history, to the establishment of model hotels for the not-quite-rich, for model tenements for the not-quite-poor, to hospitals and to a hundred and one other such objects, (all good in their way), millions of dollars are given each year by the Continent's rich men. Nor are the rich the only ones to stand out, if statistics gathered over a period of twelve years are to be believed; for from these figures is gleaned the fact that in the United States at least, the general contributions have decreased nearly fifty per cent. per capita. In other words the pennies of the poor are not flowing into the church treasury as they once did. A recent writer in one of the large United States publications shows that the average salary of Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Church of England clergymen is only $670 per annum. In other words they receive less per day than the artizan who digs their wells or the carpenter who shingles their roofs.

In rural districts the chief difficulty appears to lie in the fact that there are too many churches in comparison with the population. In country towns where one or possibly two churches could be supported in such a manner as would make it possible for the ministers in charge to gain a decent livelihood in exchange for their work, there must needs be a half dozen; the consequence being that aside from one or two the church finances are in a bad way most of the time; and the poor devils of ministers must go through the torture of seeing their salaries of a few miserable hundreds of dollars being raised by a system of socials, fairs, lawn parties, lotteries more or less sanctimonious, and other devices which only a women's guild could evolve. When the cement interests in Canada found that competition was too strong; that they were operating plants in all parts of the Dominion without making a cent, and in some cases losing money, what did they do? Amalgamated, of course, and made one strong paying concern out of a half dozen more or less crippled institutions. This to my mind is what the churches should do in the country districts. Cut down the competition. Assure each church of a congregation sufficiently large to make its support certain and raise the minister to a point of earthly Paradise where he can feed his horse all the oats and hay necessary and buy himself a suit of clothes and his wife a new dress whenever required.

Cut down some of the church competition by an application of modern business methods.

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IN this issue of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT will be found a special article dealing with "London's Poor and How They Live." The writer, Miss Moore, who is the regular correspondent of this paper in the British metropolis, has exceptional facilities for obtaining the cold, hard facts regarding England's pauper population. It is not a pleasant recital, but the tragedies of life are seldom agreeable and gratifying reading. To be told that there are well-nigh one million people in England and Wales who, during the past year, were in receipt of some form of public relief, not to speak of the thousands upon thousands who were aided by private individuals—and who never get into this "census of despair"—while a handful of Lords sit tight on millions of acres of English land, is not likely to be the subject for any great amount of jocular comment.

Perhaps the most hopeless observation made by Miss Moore is that pauperism in England has become among thousands of men and women an inherited and apparently incurable disease. These weedy, underfed, half nourished Londoners, like the Georgia "Crackers," are no longer able to work. In the case of the "Cracker," however, medical men have discovered that the disease which unfits them for labor, is due to the hook worm. It is believed that in time this may be eradicated, and the rooting out of this disease will mean that the lowest type of American will once more take his rank among men.

But how of this London pauper? Who is to uproot his disease? Who is going to be the great political surgeon to solve the problem? Who is going to eradicate this hook worm of poverty, drunkenness and disease?

Great Britain spends upon her poor yearly upward of eighty million dollars, or something over eight shillings per head of population; and still the men and women who people pauper London drop down on the streets from hunger, and die o' nights, alone and unattended, on the benches that line the Thames Embankment.

There is no good reason to believe that Great Britain as a whole is on the highway to decay, but at the same time there is every reason to believe that she has within her body politic a festering sore, and come what may, this must be relieved. Protection won't relieve it, in my opinion, and neither will free trade. These are merely phases in a great controversy. The disease is deeper than this. Protection, free trade, preferential tariff, neither one nor all three will make these pauper thousands and their sons and daughters self-respecting, reliant citizens.

Mr. Asquith and Lloyd-George may have the solution in hand, and again they may not. The present Premier may be the Moses capable of leading these incapables through the wilderness of poverty and wretchedness into the promised land of food, homes and clothing, and again he may not; but at least he is making the attempt for something new—a something that seems to have the breath of relief in its body.

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SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY announced upon his return from the West the other day that the double tracking of the C.P.R. between Winnipeg and Brandon would be the next great work, and that the double tracking of the remainder of the main line would follow in the natural course of events.

This, to me, looks like a culminating point in the history of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the time, therefore, is not inopportune for a glance backward. back to the time when croakers said that the railway would not earn its axle grease; back to the time when Sir George Stephen sat in a dingy little office in Montreal trying to figure out how the bare necessities for the road's completion could be obtained without utterly ruining both himself and Donald Smith. It is yet less than a quarter of a century since Donald Smith pledged all he had in the world, his real estate, his library, his curios, his furniture, everything of value he possessed, as security for the last million dollars necessary to make the C.P.R. a going concern.

The Northwest was then a wilderness, untrodden for the most part, and practically unknown. The exodus of Canadians to the United States was then at its height; trade languished at home, industries were few. Thomas Shaughnessy was then purchasing agent, if I mistake not, and William Van Horne was general manager. Like the West, they were practically untried and unknown. To-day, the common stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway is ranging around 190 per share, with largely augmented capital as compared with those times. Less than 25 years ago the Canadian Government held thirty millions of C.P.R. stock for advances made. The stock went begging in the markets of the world at less than fifty dollars per share.

The air of pessimism was over the land in those days. The country, like the C.P.R., was in the making.

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LADY ABERDEEN, well intentioned, amiable and very, very busy, has managed to place herself considerably on the outs with a number of Irish gentlemen who, when away from home, pen Dublin after their names on the hotel registers. It appears that Lady Aberdeen's organized movement and speeches against tuberculosis in Ireland have met with a rebuff at the hands of the South Dublin Board of Guardians. Dublin may have tuberculosis in plenty, and probably has, but Dublin, or at least that section of it as represented by the South Dublin Board of Guardians, object to having it noised abroad that such is the case. In the first place, they claim that it hurts business, that tourists are being scared away in consequence of the efforts of the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that pale faced Irish girls are having a hard time finding work in other sections of the Empire. At a recent meeting of the South Dublin Board of Guardians a set of resolutions were drafted and passed asking the Countess of Aberdeen to call off her tuberculosis dogs, and get busy, if she must, with something less formidable.

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THERE are still people strolling about outside of lunatic asylums who believe the earth to be flat. All this in spite of the fact that the North Pole has been discovered, and people, among them our own Sir Francis Drake, have circumnavigated the globe for something over three hundred years. To be exact it was in 1519 that Fernando Magellan, the Portuguese sailor, started out as the original Cook tourist, and sailed around the earth in his little ship the Victoria, and since that time it has become a matter of almost every day occurrence. However, these facts do not affect the theory of Lady Blount of London, who it might be mentioned is the President of the Zetetic Society, the members of which still believe in the flat earth theory. On a recent Sunday in London, Lady Blount discoursed upon the subject, maintaining that neither Cook nor Peary discovered the North Pole, for the very simple reason that there is no Pole to discover. What's the use?

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IN these days when the public eye is set on Cobalt with all its marvellous veins of silver, we are likely to forget that the Yukon, the El Dorado of a dozen years or more ago, is yet a pretty lively corpse. Alexander Henderson, Commissioner for the Yukon, informs us in his annual report that the production of gold for the last fiscal year was $3,260,000, an increase of $440,000 over the previous twelve months. Not so bad for a country which has been practically lost sight of since Cobalt opened up its mines to the adventurous prospector. But better yet, perhaps, Mr. Henderson also states that the Yukon is driving ahead agriculturally. In the old days not a pound of vegetables was grown, nor a chicken raised, nor a cow milked in that north country. But now the Yukoner lives pretty much as other folks do. He raises his potatoes, his carrots, his cabbages, and all the other good things we are accustomed to. Perhaps a quarter century from now we will have a Yukon land boom. Stranger things have happened.

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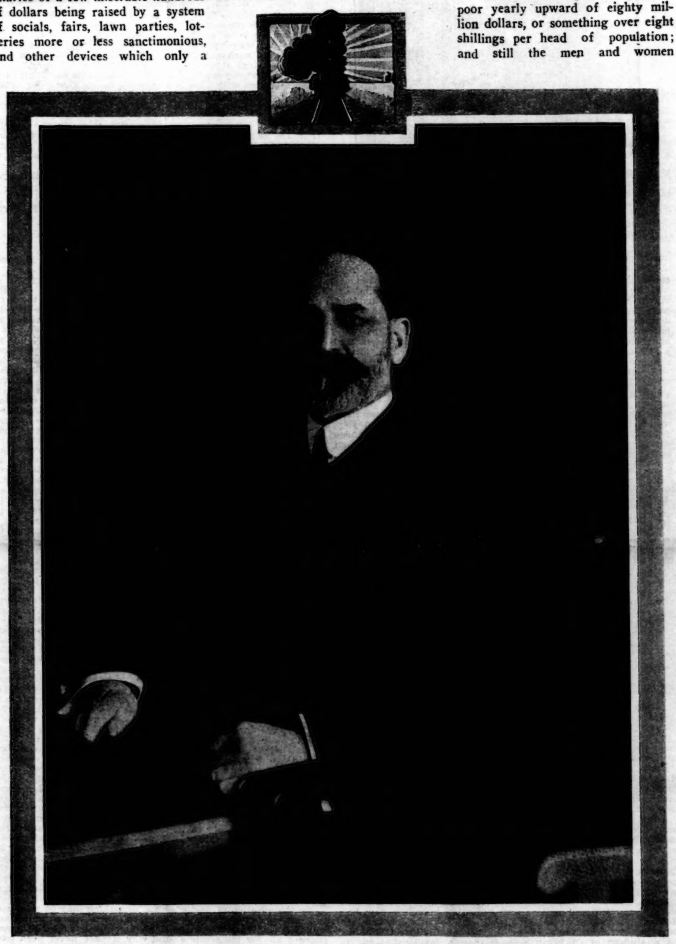
STATISTICIANS inform us that Montreal's birth rate is higher than any other city in the world. We are also informed by the same authorities that the death rate in Montreal is abnormally high. The birth rate of Canada's Metropolitan city was during the past year no less than 38.43 per thousand, while that of London was 25.7, Paris 18.7, Madrid 28.5, St. Petersburg 27.5, Berlin 23.3 and Buenos Ayres 34.31.

A closer study of Montreal's statistics show that the French Canadian is responsible for the high birth rate, for while the city as a whole shows 38.43 births per thousand, the French Canadian end of the population take the figures up to 44.04 per thousand. So as a matter of fact, had there been no English Canadians in Montreal to pull down the average, that city would have beaten its next highest competitor, Buenos Ayres, by nearly 10. per thousand.

The subject of birth and death rates is interesting inasmuch as there has recently been some revulsion of feeling in respect to the Rooseveltian idea, that births and plenty of them is about the most important matter in the upbuilding of a country. Dr. Caleb W. Saleeby (London) in a recent work on race culture states the belief that the principle of quality and not quantity should govern the size of families.

"The professional and dedicated teachers of morality . . . . are beginning to join in that public outcry against infant mortality which will yet abolish this abominable stain upon our time," says Dr. Saleeby. "But they are lamentably uninformed. They do not know, for instance, that a high infant mortality habitually goes with a high birth rate, not only in human society but in all living species; and they have yet to appreciate the proposition which I have so often advanced and ... ich, to me at any rate, seems absolutely self-evident, that until we have learned how to keep alive all the healthy babies now born—that is to say not less than 90 per cent. of all, the



WILLIAM MACKENZIE
A Canadian born Railway Man who has won Distinction

babies in the slums included—it is monstrous to cry for more, to be similarly slain. These bewailings about our mercifully falling birth-rate, uncoupled with any attention to the slaughter of the children actually born, are pitiable in their blindness and would be lamentable if they had any effect—of which there is fortunately no sign whatever, but indeed the confrary."

Quality, not quantity, is apparently the watchword of Dr. Saleeby. *Not more children, but better ones.* Let only the fit become parents, save the lives of their offspring, instead of killing off two-thirds of them, as we do now, encourage what is best for man and teach him to avoid racial poisons. These things, Dr. Saleeby thinks, are all possible, and the eugenists, which is another name for the science of race culture, are starting in to form that opinion.

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IN a recent number of The London Standard appeared an article from the pen of Dr. Mole, Bishop of Durham, on the "decrease of national courage." The Bishop states among other things that he believes the old spirit of Anglo-Saxon pluck, stubbornness and unflinching endurance is dying out and that the nation is decadent. The good Bishop lays special stress upon the fact that men and women, quite young people, are reported as suiciding in numbers much larger than was the case a generation ago.

Readers of English dailies must notice the constantly recurring items pertaining to the suicide of this or that young person. The details, ordinarily written in a duly sympathetic manner, are usually brief and to the point. The intimation generally speaking is that So and So, the son and heir of Lord So and So, had been in bad health for some time, had been low spirited, had gone into the gun room at his father's country seat and there shot himself. Or perchance it was Sir Ralph So and So, who was found dead in bed one bright morning with a half bottle of poison within reach. Sir Ralph we are also informed had been low spirited for some time.

There is one point, however, in connection with these suicides that both the Bishop of Durham and the newspapers have apparently failed to notice, and this is that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred they concern people who have nothing to do—they concern men and women, boys and girls, who have never had an idea in life beyond spending that unearned increment we hear so much of at the moment.

Who ever heard of a busy housewife suiciding? Who can recall the suicide of Mechanic This and That, who goes home tired every week night from his work and who draws his pay regularly every Saturday? The busy financier carries around more than his share of responsibility and may work himself into an early grave. But suicide? No, not for him! He's too busy.

Too much money and too little to do is the secret of the whole wretched business. A demoralizing and enervating luxury has stamped out the manhood of the members of the suicide club. The would-be suicide has forgotten how to work, or worse yet never knew how. The idle poor scrape along somehow and seldom take their own lives. This is a luxury they may well leave for the idle rich.

The "suicide club" as we know it is made up of a class of wastrels, but it is by no means confined to England, nor to America nor to France. The silly son of a rich father who falls in love with the chorus girl and finally concludes that life is not worth the living because papa will not consent to support both of them, is the property of no one country. The busy Englishman is no more inclined to suicide than is the busy German or the hustling Canadian.

"Make yourself nests of pleasant thoughts," said John Ruskin. "Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in."

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AS a cure for militant suffragetteism the stomach pump appears to have solved the problem. Over in Birmingham the prison officials whose fate it has been to feed disorderly suffragettes by means of an instrument well known in the medical profession, but which is seldom used except in cases of severe illness, are at least to be congratulated upon their ingenuity. Some years ago United States army officers in the Philippines found the water cure most effective in putting disorderly Filipinos where they belonged. In the latter instance the water was pumped into patients until they literally ran over. However, I fail to see any good reason why a suffragette who has broken the laws of the land and has been sent to prison in consequence, should worry the community, much less the prison officials, by her lack of appetite. There are unquestionably a number of people in Birmingham who would be glad of the prison fare. Let them have it, and let the suffragette do without if she so desires.

THE COLONEL.

Against Peace Society.

Cobalt, Ont., Oct. 2, 1909.

The Editor Saturday Night,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—In view of the fact that the total extent of the advocacy of, what Dr. Eby, calls, militarism in Canada of late has simply been the advocacy of closer inter-imperial relations and our taking our share of the responsibilities coincident with the existence of a nation, it seems to me that the object of The Canadian Peace and Arbitration Society is not to fight militarism in Canada, for how can one fight a thing that does not exist (who for instance would be so utterly silly as to think compulsory military service could be forced on Canadians under present conditions), but it is to fight against every effort of those who are endeavoring to make the people of Canada realize that, if we are to continue to exist as a separate people, we must be prepared to fight for that existence. I have read articles on this subject from about forty of the leading newspapers of Canada, extending from coast to coast, and have yet to find one instance in which they advocate more than voluntary military service, amongst the men, a cadet system of training amongst the school boys, and some sort of contribution to the upkeep of British Naval Power. In the light of existing conditions in every civilized country in the world, except Great Britain and the United States, any man who calls this militarism must be wofully ignorant of what the term really means. Is it reasonable to confound voluntary military service with militarism?

Everyone of course knows that the recent agitation was caused by the question: Are we or are we not to take up our share of the burden of Imperial Defence? Evidently Dr. Eby and his associates believe in letting others defend us from oppression or invasion while we sit in our arm-chairs and cheer them on. These are the same people who raised such a hullabaloo when the question of cadet training in the schools was brought up. They are evidently entirely averse to any semblance of preparedness for war. Their pet argument against the participation of Canada in the Imperial Defence scheme is refreshing. They say: "For a hundred years she has had no war. She has no burdensome national debt incurred by war. She has no heavy pension list. There are no mutual prejudices between her and other peoples, such as war always creates." Is Dr. Eby or is Sir William Mulock so ignorant of the history of the last century that he does not know that all this has only been possible because of the protection afforded by the British Navy?

Canada has not had one hundred years of peace, for in the sixties she was invaded by large forces, raised and armed in the United States, with whose leaders, it has since been acknowledged by American historians, the then President of the United States was in collusion. What was it that led him to take this underhanded method instead of coming out openly and declaring war? Surely not the B. N. N. It must have been his love of peace. And the willingness of our Canadian forefathers to fight for their British citizenship of course has had nothing whatever to do with the fact that we have had peace. Their deeds in the war of 1812 no doubt instilled a sort of pity in the Yankee that restrained him from further attempts at invasion. He is so noted for this trait of character.

By all means let us have Peace and Arbitration, but do not let us be such fools as to think we are going to get it by showing a putty-faced, mollycoddle, defenceless front to the enemy. By all means, Dr. Eby, go in for Peace and Arbitration, and may God bless your efforts, but have some little regard for the exigencies of the situation and do not let your ardor blind you to self-evident facts. Likewise there are those who do not think that it is a "crime of crimes" for a man to be prepared to fight in defence of his country.

A CANADIAN.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

(Brother to Queen Alexandra) whose abdication is now regarded as practically certain, so successful has been the military conspiracy against the Royal Family. The King is said to have been long weary of the cares of monarchy in a kingdom so far removed from his own home, Denmark, to which he will, in all probability, retire.

Ministerial Finances.

The Editor, The Toronto Saturday Night,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—I read with interest your editorial re Ministers paying their way, etc. In your usual honest endeavor to see both sides of the question, please note article in October "Women's Home Companion"—"Why I left the Ministry"—especially the financial aspect of it. It is all too true. It is only a combination kitchen gardener and preacher who can exist on our country circuits.

I am yours truly,
S. Y.

Again They Come.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 28, 1909.

Editor Saturday Night,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Dear Sir:—If the public has not wearied with reading a periodical reiteration of flippant tittle-tattle about Christian Science, perhaps it has not wearied with our corrections.

Mrs. Gilbert may be about to establish a new church of some kind in the Plaza Music Hall, New York, but certainly it is not a Christian Science church. As to her charge of "graft," all of the financial affairs of the church are known to its 40,000 or 50,000 members, and such a thing would be impossible if it were desirable. Nearly all of the men who are connected with the movement at "headquarters" are serving the church at a monetary sacrifice.

Mrs. Gilbert asserts that the principal graft of the movement lies in the sale of Mrs. Eddy's books. This is evidently a new version of what constitutes graft. No one is obliged to purchase the book, and if he does he gets the worth of his money. Christian Scientists are no more expected to purchase a revised book than are mechanics expected to purchase newly improved machinery. The Christian Scientist as well as the mechanic may discard his advantage if he pleases. Most women buy a new, revised hat at least once each year. Without casting any reflection upon the new hat, I may say that a revised "Science and Health" costs much less and is worth much more to the spiritual understanding of a student of Christian Science than a fashionable hat to one who owns a hat out of the fashion.

As a church, the Christian Science denomination is not anti-marriage. As in other denominations, this question is left to the individual discretion of its members.

Since Mrs. Gilbert repudiates Christian Science, to be consistent she should call her "new" religion by some other name. Her allegation that Mrs. Eddy is no longer the head of the Christian Science Church is made in the face of public evidence to the contrary—evidence which could not be mistaken by any Christian Scientist.

Mrs. Gilbert has evidently become badly twisted in her Christian Science, if, indeed, she ever understood it. Mrs. Eddy is aware that certain persons believe that evil can be produced by mental process, and she has taught her students how to defend themselves against such deception by knowing the simple truth.

Yours very truly,
ALFRED FARLOW.

An Underpaid Profession.

Aylmer, Ont., Oct. 2, 1909.

The Editor Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir:—On the Front Page I read an article which I think should not be let pass unchallenged, appearing as it does in such a widely read and influential paper as Toronto Saturday Night. I refer to the question of rebates to clergymen as stated, or rather I might say mistated, in that article.

In the first place this custom of rebates to clergymen has become practically extinct, and I am rather surprised that your writer is not better informed, especially so in the matter of rebates by railroads. This rebate, although it was one of the most prized privileges enjoyed by ministers, was several years ago passed up by the railroads, and as I said before, I am surprised that your writer is not aware of it, as there was considerable discussion of it in the public press at the time. Clergymen, I may say, have of necessity to spend a lot of money every year for railroad travel. However, commercial men, members of Parliament, etc., still enjoy the privilege.

Again, let me say that nowadays clergymen get practically no rebates from merchants, etc.; for example a clergyman pays from $40 to $50 for every suit of clothes he wears, while the everyday business man is spick and span in a suit at between $20 and $30 or even $35 at the outside. Possibly the contention of tailors will be that the clerical niche in the vest collar is worth $15 more. Again, I have personal knowledge of a country minister, who had of necessity to keep a horse, to have a middle man buy his hay, and why? For the reason that it saved him $2 or $3 a ton. In years gone by hay was $6 or $7 a ton. It is true the country clergyman was very often presented with a load of hay (I can imagine I hear some of the preacher horses praying for a drop in the price of hay now), but nowadays when hay sells as high as $19.00 as it did last winter it is much too valuable to give away.

Yet if there are a few who still enjoy these rebates, if the merchant in any way loses his respect for his minister or if in any way he expects that by reason of the sal' rebate his soul is any surer of Kingdom Come, then I say that he has small chance of it, rebate or no rebate.

The article also refers to the fact that doctors and lawyers never receive anything from clergymen, which I think to say the least is a very sweeping statement and is also very one sided. Are there not many things that a minister's time is taken up with for which he receives no consideration, although very often strictly speaking there should not be any duty in it. Only one of these let me mention, funerals for example, and very possibly he entails considerable expense in attending same, when very possibly it is some poor wretch that he never knew.

In conclusion, where do we find a class of men so highly educated who receive such meagre remuneration. A man entering the ministry of necessity bids farewell to all chance of becoming wealthy whether he would or no. For, mark you, let him be found guilty of making any stock speculation or of engaging in any secular calling and he becomes a victim at once of very possibly that same class of people who cry out against rebates to clergymen as seriously effecting a minister's spiritual prestige in his congregation. Taken altogether this body of men are entitled to much more consideration from the world at large.

Hope you will pardon the length at which I have written, but the truth is I could say much more on the subject, as I happen to be

A SON OF THE MANSE.

Rebates on I.C.R.

Montreal, October 1, 1909.

Editor Toronto Saturday Night.

Dear Sir:—In "Front Page" of your paper of Sept. 25, you say that clergymen get rebates from railways and storekeepers, etc., and that in consequence their influence with the communities of men is waning.

Permit me to say that your statement is not exactly true to fact. The only railway that I know of which gives a rebate to clergymen is the Intercolonial, a Government railway, and even then, one must have to live on the line of communication, and not be a transient traveller.

So far as clergymen asking for a rebate from merchants is concerned, I do not believe that any self-respecting man will accept any reduction, or even ask for it, because he happens to belong to the most poorly paid profession in the world.

There are some of them, no doubt, who do ask for rebates, but the big majority are willing to bear their burdens without resorting to such a "mercenary expedient as seeking a lesser price for things they buy than the laity have to pay."

The Socialistic spirit is abroad to-day, and any fling at the cloth is hailed with glee. I am sorry to see that your opinion coincides with that spirit, in writing the article you have written, or, at least, in permitting it to be published in your paper.

I do not think you have ever tried to study the question from the ministers' side; if you had you would find that with all their faults, the clergy are the most self-sacrificing, enduring, and at the same time, as full of manly independence and honor as any other class of men in the world.

Thanking you for this opportunity to express myself in your paper.

I remain,
Very truly,
ALLAN T. PATTERSON.

Clerical Rebates.

Winnipeg, September 29, 1909.

To the Editor Toronto Saturday Night.

Dear Sir:—The Front Page of Toronto Saturday Night always has some very good articles. Few questions of public interest (even to us Westerners) escape mention in those columns. September 25th issue contains an article to which I would like to draw attention—that of Clerical Rebates. The article to which you refer was written on "the other side of the line" where, no doubt, they do things differently, but you take it for granted that what obtains there is also the case here in Canada. To quote "that the average clergyman does not pay so much for what he buys as the average layman is a matter of common knowledge. He gets discounts on every side." . . . But still the fact remains that a clergyman gets rebates from his grocer and his clothier and nearly everybody that he deals with. He is given special rates on railroads and steamship lines." It is often a puzzle to me how newspapermen get their news; and, it would be most interesting to know where you have gathered your information in this matter. I have been in the church's service for over sixteen years, and have purchased goods such as you mentioned in most of the large cities in the Dominion and in many of the cities in the States—and in not one of them, not even in your own city of Toronto have I been shown any favors—probably because I did not ask for them—but of that I cannot say. However, the fact remains that the so-called rebate exists more in the imagination of the public than in reality. As a rule we try to pay cash for what we get, and if any favors are going, the man who pays cash for what he gets—no matter who or what he is—should get his goods cheaper than the man who allows his accounts to stand unpaid for six months in a year. As for railroad and steamship rebates—well, there was a time when the clergyman travelled on reduced fare, but that time has long since passed away. We pay the regular fare the same as ordinary passengers—at least, here in the West—with the exception perhaps of two or three in every Diocese, who are on the road a good deal. But the average clergyman pays full fare. He is not even as liberally treated as the commercial traveller and a host of others far better paid in this world's goods than the average cleryman, and therefore better able to pay the price. Now, let us take the average clergyman's stipend, and what does it amount to? Why, my dear sir, the average clerk who waits on you in your grocery store and clothier's establishment would laugh in your face if you asked him to work for the same money. Let us cite one instance of supposedly clerical fat salaries—in a town not far from Toronto, and only six years ago—I knew a clergyman who was getting the munificent sum of $600 per year. With that he had to keep a wife and four children, pay house rent, $17 a month, buy his own horse and buggy and cutter, and keep these in feed and repair, and moreover keep an open house, as nearly every clergyman has to do. He did not get any favors, either from his grocer or from his clothier, and truly none of hundreds such cases, and is it any wonder if there are found men who are ready to accept favors from tradespeople and others when they are offered. But let me whisper to you that those favors are few in the actual. Now I am not complaining because of the absence of these good things, but it hurts when one reads of these things, but finds that like the fairy story—when we put our hand to grasp the golden apple, lo, it is not there. No, if there are reasons for the drifting apart of the priest and people, that may be laid at the door of the average clergyman, the rebates that he gets on the food he eats and the clothes he wears is not one of them; we must look deeper than that, and I fancy farther afield.

On the question of doctor's bills, something may be said, and I for one owe much to the medical profession—more than money will ever repay but not in one single instance has a medical man charged me for his services, and why, I have never been told. Perhaps it is because the doctor more than any other man knows the clergyman's oftentimes cruel fight to keep body and soul together, and at the same time minister to the poor and degraded with a bright and happy face. His door must be open at all times and his purse strings loose. But we need not dwell on that part of our story. If the average layman and newspapermen into the bargain thinks the average clergyman is the recipient of more favors than he is himself—no matter if he is a day laborer—let him try the job and he will find that the dollar of the day laborer will buy just as much, and let me tell you very often more—than the parson's.

Sugar is 17 lbs. for the dollar—the Rev. Jack Johnstone asks for 17 lbs. of sugar, when making payment he does not get it for 90c. Sometimes when dealing in a small store—we will say a butcher's shop—the Rev. Jack asks for a chuck—the Rev. Jack asks for a roast of beef—lamb is a luxury he can seldom afford—the clerk will hand him a 5-lb. roast at 12c. per lb. He pays 60c. for this roast, not 55c. Jack Overalls comes in and buys the same quantity of goods for the same price, but it is "charged." Now, if there is any injustice, it is in the fact that the Rev. Jack has paid cash for his goods, while Jack Overalls has his charged up, and may not pay for his purchase for six months. The same may be said of the grocery and dry goods store, etc.

Take the case of the country parson—in this as in other cases, I speak from my own experience—the parson pays the market price for his oats, hay, butter, eggs and potatoes, and when he settles his account no mention is made of discounts. In fact, I have frequently found that I paid more than the market price for these necessities.

I will not burden you or your readers any longer, but trust you will pardon the length of this letter—my reason for writing at such length is that I do not like to see people walking in darkness, not even the editor. But I must cite an instance in clerical life which will probably do for your joke column. It is supposed to have happened in one of the outlying missions of Toronto Diocese. The missionary was sadly undersized, and it happened that he was in arrears in his stipend and complained to his wardens. It was Thanksgiving in his church. The Saturday evening saw a bundle of cast-off clothing placed at his door. Sunday morning came and he gave orders that his children be decked out in these clothes. At the reading of the second lesson, St. Luke XII., 22-31—in trooped the children in line abreast, just as the words "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Yours,
ANGLICAN PARSON.

A French paper, The Temps, says that the Americans cannot annex the North Pole to the United States until they commercially exploit it. To which the Chicago Evening Post replies: "Wouldn't Mr. Peary's little journalistic enterprise come under that head."

It is claimed that airships are less dangerous than automobiles, but this, as The Washington Star remarks, is probably because there are not so many of them.

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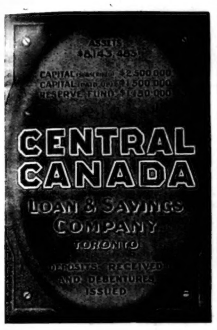

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FINANCIAL

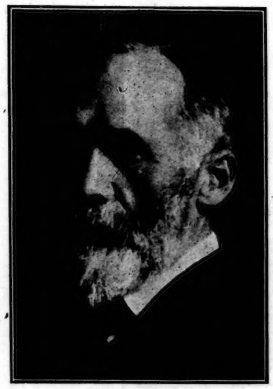
TORONTO — MONTREAL

MONTREAL, Oct. 7.

JAMES ROSS has again been placed on the spot where the light falls, by the developments of the past few days in the financial and industrial development of Canada. An offer has been made him to purchase his interests in the Dominion Coal Co. at par. As the market price of Dominion Coal is just 86 to-day, on the stock exchanges, he would be getting a premium of 14 points above the market. As he possesses, or controls, at least 50,000 shares, according to street rumor, an effort to purchase that number of shares on the open market would unquestionably mean an advance of at least fifteen points, so that the purchasers would be quite justified in paying him 100 instead of 86, so far as that is concerned. The offer is believed to have been made through Rodolphe Forget, a man who seems to be always somewhere around when big deals are on. The deal would mean that Mr. Ross would receive $5,000,000 for his interests.

The Controllers of Dominion Coal.

Other Dominion Coal interests closely identified with James Ross are his son, Jack; W. D. Matthews, of Toronto, father-in-law of Jack Ross, and himself a well-known financier; and F. L. Wanklyn, vice-president of the Coal Co., and son-in-law of R. B. Angus, who also is a director of the company, and who supported Mr. Ross in his prolonged fight with the Steel Co., and was, perhaps, his most intimate adviser. Apparently the matter was fully discussed between these and other interests, and the result was that Mr. Ross declined to accept an offer which did not at the same time include the other shares of the company. As there are 100,000 shares besides those referred to, the deal, according to the terms laid down by him, would involve a total of $15,000,000, a sum which is easier to speak of than grasp.



James Ross, President of the Dominion Coal Company, who is said to have been offered $5,000,000 for his holdings in that corporation.

James Ross' Pet.—The Dominion Coal Co. is *the* pet scheme of James Ross. For years it has been his ambition to work out the various details in connection with this company in such a way as to secure the company's success in any and all circumstances. In this effort he has been to a very large extent successful, but the undertaking has called for the expenditure of an enormous amount of energy; and James Ross, like many others, grows older. He is now probably sixty-two, and the past few years has loaded upon him a multiplicity of problems and anxieities—especially in connection with the Steel-Coal fight—which would have whitened the hair of most of men who, by years, are not nearly so entitled to silvery locks as is James Ross. In addition to this, he has had no little trouble with his leg during the past year, it having been necessary to have a bone extracted therefrom. Had he been twenty years younger, and in perfect health, there would have been a prompt refusal given to part with his stock. But what is the use of having a medical adviser if you don't take his advice? So, James Ross would sell out, if the buyers would also take the other shares at par. Everything considered, this strenuous life isn't all it's cracked up to be, and, as a matter of fact, James Ross could now afford to retire without drawing on the old-age pension fund, and thereby adding to the burden of the groaning British taxpayer.

What Would they Do With It.

What did the would-be purchasers want to do with the Ross interests in the Dominion Coal Co.? That is a question which the street would like to have answered. The street, always desirous of answering its own questions when no other answer is forthcoming, says that it was a part of a scheme to amalgamate the Dominion Coal Co. and the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. The probabilities of the situation prompt such an answer. Here is the Steel Co. urging the settlement of a disputed portion of its claims; and here is the Coal Co. with the coal mines which the Steel Co. require. Once before, the requirements of the situation brought about an amalgamation, later abrogated—what more natural than that, in these days of consolidations, it should do so again?

What would a $100,000,000 steel or steel-coal amalgamation look like in Canada? That is where this Steel-Coal talk has led to. It is now stated, and not wholly upon idle talk, that an effort is being made to amalgamate the two companies mentioned, along with the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. and the Algoma Steel. In the last mentioned company is not included all the companies of the Lake Superior Corporation, of which the Algoma Co. is but a part, it being claimed that only the steel and iron ore portions of the Lake Superior Company are wanted. How serious this talk is, is difficult to say. The present tenor of the stock markets rather goes to support it. On Monday, Dominion Iron and Steel jumped from 54 to 58, on an enormous turnover. Scotia was more than usually active for that stock, and the pressure came from the buying and not the selling end, the result being a slight advance to 75½, which is some points above normal. Dominion Coal is fully ten points more than it was that many days ago, so that it is evident that something unusual is agitating the steel-coal situation.

Volume of Securities.

It is interesting to note the volume of the securities which are based on the companies as they now are:

D. I. & S.	$10,074,000	$5,000,000	$20,000,000
Coal	6,175,000	3,000,000	15,000,000
N. S. S. & C.	3,500,000	1,030,000	5,000,000
	$19,749,000	$9,030,000	$40,000,000

It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to follow all the intricacies of recent changes in the securities of the three companies. Bond issues were altered, retired, increased, etc. But the above is quite accurate enough for the purpose of giving an idea of the magnitude of a deal such as spoken of. Close to $70,000,000 is represented in the securities mentioned. When there is added thereto the $5,000,000 or $10,000,000—one does not mind a few millions when he is speaking of other people's money in this way—involved in the Algoma Co., a total of $75,000,000 to $80,000,000 is arrived at.

The Boys' Rake-off.

We almost forgot the boys. The boys must get more than the customary rake-off in this deal. Each of them will make a suggestion of some kind—brain fag, you know, must be paid for—so let us put them down for $20,000,000. It isn't worth it, of course, but it's a big deal, so we might as well be generous. Besides, it rounds the sum out nicely. An even $100,000,000, and cheap at the price, too. As a matter of fact, one has to call upon his imagination, to no small extent, to place anything near a proper valuation on ore bodies of such extent and richness as those of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. alone, to say nothing of the other assets, in mines and plant, of the various companies, so that the question of the capitalization might almost as well be left to the judgment of the stenographer.

T. C. A.

TORONTO, Oct. 7.

More Bulls.

THE happenings in local Stock Exchange circles the past week were rather sensational. There is perhaps more truth in this statement from the point of view of the outsider or general public, than from the stockbrokers' view. The rumors of consolidation of Steel and Coal are not new. They have been used before with good effect, and it looks as if they will again serve the purpose which the manipulators at the present time intend they should. Conceding that there is undoubtedly a great future for the iron and steel industry of this country, the fact is that the directors of the big companies of Sydney have always and are still giving far too much attention to the speculative end of the game—to the neglect of the business end. It is well known that on two occasions in the past few years the slaughter of the innocents has been almost complete, and that it shall happen again is almost certain. Of course, it would be unwise and only a guess on our part to give the date of the next collapse, but we can truthfully say it will happen when the outsiders have sufficiently absorbed the holdings of the big fellows of the Steel and Coal Companies. That time may be near at hand or far remote. Insiders naturally could give the nearest guess so we will not commit ourselves in stating a definite period. It is not an uncommon thing that when something sensational occurs marketwise that an unexpected movement in prices takes place. The advanced march of the Coal and Steel securities has been greatly assisted by the phenomenal upward movement in United States steel stock within the recent past. The buying of this security by wealthy Wall Street men has been used as a club to draw the public into the market generally, and to discomfort the bears. Take the case of the late manager of the Ontario Bank, who is now serving time in Kingston. He had been a bear on many American issues, and if his defalcations had not been discovered and the money held out, the bank's doors would have been open to-day. The collapse in market values two years ago would have enabled him to have made a fortune for the bank and a great financier of himself. But he either misjudged the time when to sell, or the extent of the bank's resources. This mistake caused his ruin in the eyes of the world. According to report, Major Wyatt committed the same mistake. He perhaps was not playing the market with his own money. He borrowed largely, giving collateral in some cases and none in others. The money obtained was insufficient to protect his commitments. It was extremely worrying, both by day and night, and his untimely and unlooked for death followed. Now, what will happen to the securities in which he was looking for a decline? Even at this time of writing, they seem to be tottering under a flood of liquidation. This particular movement may be but temporary, but it would not be surprising if top prices had been reached for the time being.

In the whirl of speculation, the bull is just as likely to be caught as the bear. In fact, four out of five speculators lose their money on the bull side, that is, those who buy stocks in the hope of an advancing market. It is a strange thing that the average operator will not buy when stocks are low and yielding good annual returns of say from 5 to 7 per cent. They prefer waiting until some activity is injected into the market and prices are rising rapidly. In merchandise the trading is somewhat different. A fair proportion of such traders prefer taking on such lines as wool, sugar, drygoods, and the like, when prices are low. If he fails to secure enough of the article at low prices to satisfy his trade, he will buy only from hand to mouth as prices advance. This undoubtedly is the proper course to pursue. But all wise methods seem to be forgotten in the excitement of the Stock Exchange. Even the brokers themselves give advice freely to buy in circular and otherwise after the security they recommend has advanced one to ten points, and if it should advance more, the recommendation to buy is made even in stronger terms. Many people who have been waiting to buy Mackay, Coal or Steel, got into them this week.

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President. J. Turnbull, Vice-President and General Manager.

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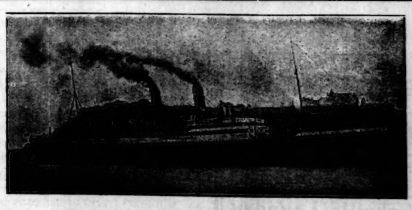

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By order of the Board,
D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.
Toronto, Ontario, 15th September, 1909.

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They could resist the temptation no longer. The regrets will come later.

Wall Street Call Loans.

Money on call in the domestic market is still obtainable at 4½ per cent. There is not the least indication of stringency, with the supply greater than the demand. The advance in the rate on Wall Street to 6 per cent. has had no effect here, and our banks continue to send out large amounts of currency for crop-moving purposes. The pinch on Wall Street, entailing the calling in and readjustment of many loans, is the result chiefly of the inelasticity of the American currency system. In hard times, bank circulation there is usually extended, while in prosperous times it is restricted. It is the very opposite here. Undoubtedly, our system as regards this particular branch of banking, is much more preferable, inasmuch as it facilitates rather than hampers business transactions. A sub-committee of the National Monetary Commission of the United States were in Toronto this week, seeking information as to the working of the Canadian system. They interviewed the leading bankers, and some of the representatives were inclined to favor our currency system as against that of their own, which is based on bonds.

Firmer Money.

Money in the leading centres of the world's commerce is worth more to-day than at any time since the disasters of 1907. The competition for new gold in the open market has carried the price to a point seldom exceeded in times of acute stringency, and it is not improbable that Russia, which has secured $12,000,000 during September, may have to pay a still higher premium to overcome the demands of Austria. Japan is importing gold from New York by way of San Francisco, despite the imposition of a transfer charge not heretofore levied, but this movement is in reality based upon her enormous credits in London. An extraordinary transformation has taken place in the United States. Her 6,977 National Banks have during the last twelve months increased their loans by 378,000,000, yet, instead of a relative improvement in cash reserves, the latter have fallen off $14,300,000.

Reserves.

That the Imperial Bank of Germany holds $80,000,000 less reserves than a year ago, and the Russian Imperial Bank $44,000,000 more, is now well known. It is still an interesting fact to observe that the five State banks of France, England, Italy, Austria and the Netherlands hold altogether $165,000,000 more cash in their reserves than a year ago—each of them showing an increase—whereas their combined outstanding loans are $27,000,000 less than in 1908.

To Stop Gambling in Marine Policies.

GAMBLING on lives at sea will be made a punishable offence in Great Britain by virtue of the marine insurance (gambling policies) bill, which on its second reading was unanimously passed the other day in the House of Lords and therefore practically only needs the royal assent to become law. The object of the bill is "the prohibition of gambling on loss by maritime perils."

If any person effects a contract of marine insurance without having a bonafide interest either in the safe arrival of the ship or the safety of the cargo it will be deemed to be gambling on loss by sea dangers. The punishment will be imprisonment with hard labor for six months or a fine of $500. Further, the gambler must forfeit to the Crown any money he may receive under this gambling contract.

Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, the Government spokesman, says The New York Sun's correspondent, told of the business which according to information gathered by the Board of Trade was being done in this sort of gambling recently.

"Certain people," he said, "have been in the position in which they could find out something wrong with the ship, and instead of going, as rightly disposed persons would do, to the owners and telling them, in order that life and property might be saved from destruction, they have kept that information to themselves. On a recent occasion a person in this way profited by £6,000 from the loss of a ship."

Lord Hamilton instanced the case of a man who paid so much on his gambling insurance that "it amounted to a bet of 9 to 1 that the ship would go to the bottom on one single voyage."

Lord Ellenborough told of an instance of a ship only worth $45,000 on which $95,000 worth of insurance had been piled up. Another instance was given of a ship which with its crew and cargo was taken along the coast of South America and deliberately run on a shoal. The ship got off, but was run on another shoal. This did not succeed, but on the third attempt the ship went to pieces and some of the crew died of fever afterward.

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, the wife of the editor of The Century Magazine, president of the National League for the Civic Education of Women, has written a letter against woman suffrage which the anti-suffragists have published and are distributing as a tract. According to this letter, Mrs. Gilder "cannot but think that there is something in the nature of women which made the founders of the republic indifferent to their help in the government of the republic." "Besides," she says, "to make little men of women is so ugly, so intensely inartistic." Woman's real rights are "those that are the Lord's work, of being the life giver, of keeping a happy corner where the weary can rest, of keeping men, who naturally relapse into barbarism when left too much alone, keyed to the more delicate harmonies of life."

It is not generally known that Garibaldi's legal widow is still living, although the Italian liberator himself died some thirty years ago. She is the daughter of the Marquis Raimondi, the friend of Mazzini, and she first attracted the attention of Garibaldi by riding into his camp on the evening before the battle of Varese with important information on the position of the enemy. The wedding was on the bank of Lake Magiore, but the union lasted only a few days. The lady is now nearly eighty years of age, and she has lately stated that she was forced into marriage with Garibaldi to satisfy the ambitions of her father. The marquise has since been happily married and still bears traces of her early beauty, while preserving unimpaired her mental brilliance and the memory of the great events in which she bore a part.

It has been urged in France to adopt aluminum for the pieces of ten and five centimes, which now are made of bronze. The advantages urged are the durability of the metal, its malleability, its metallic sonority, and its lightness. Great stress is laid on this last point, which, it is asserted, would enable the small coins to be easily distinguished from silver in the pocket, and make it possible to carry them in quantity without being annoyed by the weight.

The Discovery of Buddha's Bones.

A RECENT archæological discovery will set the religious feelings of one hundred million people athrill. Near the city of Peshawar in the Northwest Frontier Province of India, there has been unearthed a casket believed to contain the bones of Gautama Buddha. Lengthy accounts of this remarkable discovery are found in the English papers. The story of the Buddha remains is to the effect that between the fourth and seventh centuries several Buddhist pilgrims came to India from China to visit the holy places of Buddhism. Three of these pilgrims—Fa Hien, Sung-Yun, and Hieun Thsang—came to Peshawar, then known as Purushapura; and they describe in glowing colors the size and magnificence of its religious edifices. "Chief among these was a monastery built by the famous Emperor Kanishka, about the time of Christ, and by its side a towering pagoda, in which the Emperor had enshrined some of the relics of the Lord Buddha himself. The pagoda was, they tell us, of solemn beauty and majestic grandeur, adorned with friezes and layers of precious substances. Its circumference, at the base, was nearly a quarter of a mile; while its height is variously given as 400 feet and 700 feet, and it is said to have had no less than thirteen stories. The base was of stone, but the superstructure was of carved wood, with a staircase leading to the top; and the whole was adorned with a pinnacle of gilded disks attached to an iron pillar.

With the decay of Buddhism in the Northwest Frontier, both pagoda and monastery seem to have fallen to ruin; or perhaps they may have been thrown down by invading hosts from the north. They disappear completely from all records after the mediæval ages. However, some inkling of their position was given by the Chinese pilgrims, and the well-known French savant, M. Foucher, was able by a brilliant chain of reasoning to locate their site in some mounds to the east of Peshawar city. About eighteen months ago the Archæological Department set to work to discover what remains of the famous structures might still be hidden beneath the ground. The operations were in charge of Dr. D. B. Spooner, the archæological superintendent on the Frontier. For some months it seemed as though nothing was left but interminable debris of brick and stone. Little by little, however, there emerged the basement of what is certainly the largest pagoda that exists in India. From side to side it measures nearly 300 feet.

THE COFFIN OF BUDDHA.
This relic-casket recently found near Peshawar, India, is believed to contain some of the bones of Gautama Buddha.

That this was the pagoda erected by Kanishka there could be no shadow of doubt, and the exciting task remained of searching for the relics of the Buddha, which the Emperor had enshrined within it. Twenty feet below the surface, the expectations of the diggers were realized by finding a stone-built chamber, and in a corner of it the relic-casket, standing where it had been placed nearly two thousand years ago. It is about seven inches high and is shaped like the familiar Greek "pyxis," or toilet-box. On its lid is a seated Buddha, with his hand raised in the act of blessing.

A German correspondent writes from Rome: "Probably the most interesting persons in the asylum for criminal insane at Morlupo, Italy, are the two men who at various times, before Bresci's day, attempted to assassinate the unfortunate King Humbert. Passanante, the Neapolitan cook who fell upon the king with a dirk while the Italian monarch was driving with Catroli, is now about sixty and totally blind, but physically strong. Until his sight failed he wrote socialistic essays, some of which were incoherent, but now he seems to have forgotten everything, and his mind is as blank of ideas as his eyes are of sight. Acciarito, who made a murderous attack when the king was returning one day from the races to the Quirinal, is also physically strong and his hair and beard retain their raven blackness. But his mind is a wreck."

Word has been brought by a United States revenue cutter that a party of ethnologists, headed by Dr. William Yockelson, a noted Russian explorer, has discovered relics and skeletons that would establish the record of population of northwestern North America during prehistoric ages. The relics uncovered are said to establish completely a belief that thousands of years ago the highest type of humanity existing in the new world was to be found in the north. The search of the party is directed by the Royal Russian Geographical Society, and will be continued several years before a formal report is made in St. Petersburg.

Medical students in Japan must have had eleven or twelve years of preliminary training in the lower schools. No one may practice medicine who has been convicted of a crime. All physicians for the first ten years during which they follow their calling must keep full written records of all their cases, and they must not issue boastful advertisements or claim the exclusive right to any healing invention with a secret formula.

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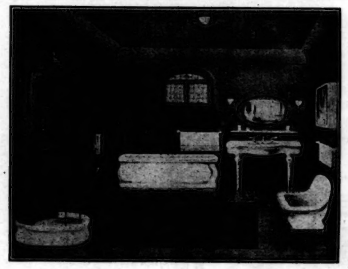

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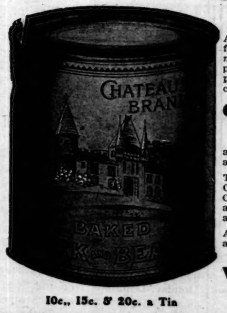

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LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, September 25.

WHETHER or not there is to be a general election before many moons, at least Mr. Balfour's speech at Birmingham has cleared the air, and the Tariff Reformers are feeling much encouraged. There is no need to more than allude to it, as the enterprising Canadian newspapers must have long ago given the public a synopsis of Mr. Balfour's address. It seems almost incredible that in the face of such a number of capable men unemployed, by reason of the work being done cheaper in other countries and dumped into England, the country will still stand by Free Trade. As the consequence of Free Trade, a number of British factories have year by year been transferred to foreign lands with the view of evading the tariffs in such countries. All the work of these factories, which should be done by British workmen, is being done in Germany, the United States, Austria, Russia, etc.

"London," says Mr. George R. Sims, "swarms at the present time with the agents of foreign firms who supply millions of pounds' worth of goods to the British people, and the bulk of these goods are articles which were formerly produced by British labor. The chief supporters of Free Trade in this country are the agents of foreign firms, or selfish native middlemen, who stand between the foreign producer and the native consumer."

A feature of an election in England which attracts the attention of those from other lands is the immense interest taken by women in the canvassing, and the great assistance they give the workers. The members of the Women's Tariff Reform and Unionist Associations go about the district affected by a by-election—and of course this applies to a general election—and argue with the voters, leave literature for them, and address meetings not only in halls and houses, but at street corners. Women of all classes help in this work, and they are by no means only, or even to any great extent, those interested in women's franchise.

* * *

A BOOK has appeared within the last few days with the very inoffensive title of "My Recollections," by the Countess of Cardigan and Lancaster, which has created a sensation throughout the country. The name "The Indiscretions of a Countess" would have been a better appellation for this amazing collection of reminiscences of people, famous and otherwise, of the Victorian era. To those who enjoy malicious personal gossip and are not related to any of the persons mentioned, the work will be entertaining enough. To the others who appreciate good taste, courtesy, loyalty to the dead, and kindliness, the many stories told can be little short of obnoxious.

Lady Cardigan spares no one. She tells of her own wooing by the Earl of Cardigan, who led the famous Light Brigade at Balaclava, whom she married in 1858, and relates that a gipsy's prediction that she would marry a widower, be twice married, and live to a great age, came true. With much frankness she goes on to say: "Nearly all the men who proposed to me were widowers. I was asked in marriage by Lord Sherborne, a widower with ten children; by the Duke of Leeds, who was a widower with eleven children; and by Christopher Munsell Talbot, once Father of the House of Commons, who was also a widower, with four children. Prince Soltykoff, the Duke of St. Albans, Harry Howard and Disraeli were other widowers who proposed to me, so I suppose I must have had some fascination for bereaved husbands."

Chop Room of Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, London.

Her unreserved account of Disraeli's proposal, and her reasons for refusing him, are only equalled in bad taste by some of the anecdotes concerning the love affairs of other people well known in London society.

Lady Cardigan appears to have gleaned from a long life passed among the most interesting men and women of her time, only what is petty and personal. In this she differs greatly from Lady Dorothy Nevill, for example, whose delightful "Leaves from the Note-books of Lady Dorothy Nevill" and "Recollections" were such enjoyable reading. And for a pleasant gossiper who knows interesting people, sees interesting things, and makes shrewd remarks thereon, devoid of malice withal, the Hon. G. W. E. Russell is hard to excel.

Lady Cardigan is the Countess of Cardigan and Lancaster, widow of Lieut.-General the Earl of Cardigan, and of the Count de Lancaster. She married her first husband just fifty-one years ago, and her second in 1873. He died in 1898. She is the patroness of ten livings, and owns estates in Leicester, Northampton, and Yorkshire. Her recreations are riding, fencing, music and painting. One wishes she had not added to the list the flaying of her friends and acquaintances, alive and dead.

* * *

THE celebrations in commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Johnson have aroused fresh intererst in the great doctor, who, if he put words into the "mouths of the little fishes would make them talk like whales." It is a remarkable fact that Dr. Johnson is a vivid personality to those who have never read a line of his books, and who have but a shadowy impression of most of his contemporaries. In spite of Macaulay's scathing remarks about Boswell, the world owes him a debt. He it was who made the Doctor seem like a personal friend. We know what he looked like; how he talked; what he liked to eat and drink; what he thought of foreigners; how kind he was to the hungry and destitute, and a thousand other facts which bring him nearer to the average person than any number of learned books.

There is hardly a tourist who does not know Dr. Johnson's speeches about London; hardly a visitor with any pretensions to information who does not ask to be shown the old bits about Fleet Street where Dr. Johnson prowled in his day. It would be difficult to find one of these travellers who does not know of Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese and its associations with the great man. There be people who try to upset one's mind by scoffing at the idea that Dr. Johnson did resort to the Cheshire Cheese. What does it matter that his chair is shown as one of the sights, or that below his portrait in the Chop-room is a brass plate setting out the facts, or that the wall is dark and shiny from the rubbing of wigs against it? The scoffers will have none of it. To them it is a quaint old tavern, whose owners have been shrewd enough to make capital out of the gullibility of the public. But even these persons cannot fail to appreciate the charm of the odd old place with its high-backed seats; its willow pattern plates, and two-pronged forks; its tankards; its kettle singing on the hob; and, on certain days, after the beginning of October, its famous pudding, the recollection of which lingers in the minds of the tourists indefinitely.

* * *

THE marriage took place to-day of Miss Victoria Bigge, daughter of Sir Arthur Bigge, extra-Equerry to the King and private secretary to the Prince of Wales, and Mr. Harry Adeane of the Coldstream Guards. On account of the connection with Royalty of the bride's father, she enjoyed the very unusual honor of being married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, Sir Arthur having quarters in St. James's Palace. It was in this famous chapel that Queen Victoria married the Prince Consort and the Princess Royal was married to the Crown Prince Frederiek in the same place.

Thirty-five years later the Duke of York married the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck,—the present Prince and Princess of Wales, there. Among the less important people who were given the privilege of being married in the Chapel Royal were Hon. John Ward and Miss Jean Reid, the daughter of the American Ambassador. The first royal marriage celebrated there was that of the daughter of Charles I., who married a Prince of Orange. The marriage of Queen Anne to Prince George of Denmark also took place there. At the Chapels Royal—St. James's, Marlborough House, and of course, Buckingham Palace—the members of the choir wear scarlet and gold.

* * *

THE death yesterday of Lady Elgin at Dunphail House, Morayshire, recalls the fact that Lord Elgin is by birth a Canadian. He was born at Monklands, Montreal, in 1849, when his father was Governor-General. Lady Elgin was the second daughter of the Ninth Earl of Denthesk. Her marriage took place in 1876, and she leaves ten children.

M. E. MacL. M.

A Greenland Experience.

WHEN Fridtjof Nansen was making his great journey across the Northern ice-cap of Greenland, his men found their supply of fuel running low. At the same time it became desirable to reduce the sledge loads as much as possible. The oilcloth covers for the sleeping-bags were accordingly condemned and some one suggested that they would make a good fire on which to cook the supper. To quote from the story as told by The Youth's Companion:

The idea was at once carried into effect, with the further improvement that the fire was lighted inside the tent, and an empty biscuit-tin was pressed into the service as a cooking-pot. The oilcloth blazed up splendidly, but most pleasures have their attendant pains, and in a few minutes a horrible black smoke filled the tent and almost blinded the occupants, most of whom took refuge in the sleeping-bags, with their heads well covered.

Some one, however, had to stay and look after the tea-making; but long before enough snow was melted the tin began to leak, and a more water-tight vessel had to be found. Eventually the tea was made and disposed of, although at the same time it was agreed that oilcloth was a most unsuitable fuel for use in a small tent. The next morning the fire was made outside, with perfectly satisfactory results, and enough snow was melted for a real thirst-quenching drink all round, which was a treat not enjoyed every day.

A more personal effect of the oilcloth fire was a thick coating of soot over the faces of the company. This continued to decorate them for many a day, washing being entirely at a discount, for water was far too scarce to be used in this way; and even if it had been plentiful, it would have been unwise to apply it to the face, as it seemed to make the skin more liable to crack and peel off under the combined glare of sun and snow.

The Jewish World, after referring with pride to Dr. Cook's Jewish origin, says that the North Pole is the only place on earth, except the other Pole, where it is impossible for Jews to settle. Why? The Jew is commanded to turn his face to the east when he prays. How can he do it where there is no east? Then how can he say morning prayers every day when the polar night last six months? It would mean morning prayer once a year. Then what about the Omar? How can he count forty-nine evenings in the seven weeks between the second day of Passover and Pentecost when there is only one long evening in the whole of the polar year? He would not know when the Sabbath was in or out. "Suppose," The Jewish World concludes, "the long polar night began with a Sabbath evening. We should not be able to do work for months. Even that is not the worst. Suppose the long polar day began on a fast. How would you like a Yom Kippur or a Tishi B'Ab six months long?"

Here is a romance in real life—a news item from a London daily paper: Old age pensions are responsible for a pretty country romance. The bells of the little village church at Keevil, in Wiltshire, will ring next week for the wedding of two old-age pensioners who were lovers fifty years ago, and met again only after each had married twice. It was in the village postoffice that they met once more when the Old Age Pension Act came into force. The old man could not sign his pension order, and a venerable dame who happened to be in the office came to his assistance. His name was familiar to her, and when next pension day came around the two old folks compared notes and discovered that they had been sweethearts half a century before. Each had married twice then, and now they are going to be married a third time—to each other.

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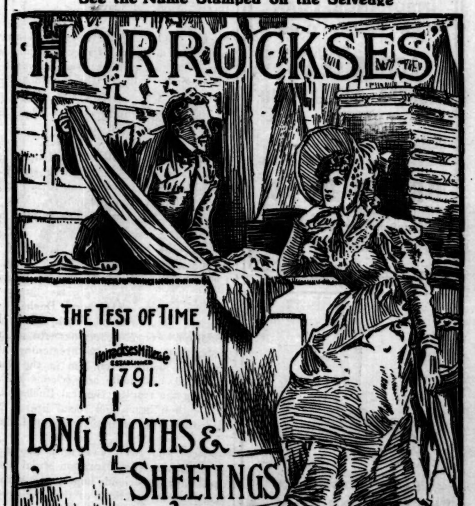

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. LAMBE, of Fallingbrooke, gave an afternoon reception for the debut of Miss Beverley Lambe last Saturday, when several hundred guests found their way to the charming suburban residence at the extreme east-end of Queen street, and enjoyed the autumn beauties of one of the prettiest spots on the lake shore. Mrs. Lambe has quite a large house-party, her mother and sisters, Mrs. and the Misses Reid, of Melbourne, Australia, and her aunt, Mrs. Massey, being out on a visit to Canada. The elder ladies were in the drawing room with the hostess and the attractive debutante, and the Misses Reid were assisting in the large living room, where a very pretty tea-table, done in dahlias and autumn foliage, softened by swathings of sunbeam tulle and profusely lighted, was loaded with the usual dainties of the five o'clocker. Miss Beverley Lambe was in white, a bonnie frock of striped white crepe with a trimming of maltese lace, which was beautiful with the ivory tint of age. She carried a bouquet of pale yellow orchids, and was a picture of girlish grace. Mrs. Lambe wore pale blue with very handsome embroideries, and a necklace of opals. A number of Miss Lambe's girl friends were assisting, and part of the "tea," by some almost the best part, was a stroll with the host or some other gallant cavalier through the lovely terraced garden, aglow with salvias, varied by snowy beds of asters, and every fall flower, which Mr. Lambe cultivates with such success and enthusiasm. Among the guests were several friends of former citizenship with the hostess in Melbourne, and a bright young cousin of the debutante, Miss Mackenzie, of Chicago.

The marriage of Captain J. Drummond Mackay, son of the late Donald Mackay, of Dundonald, and Miss Clara Smith, daughter of the late James E. Smith, took place in the presence of a small party of the relatives of the bride and groom in St. James Cathedral last Monday, October 4, the Bishop of Niagara officiating. Mr. William Ascheton Smith, brother of the bride, brought her in and gave her away, and Miss Josephine Smith was bridesmaid. Captain Austin Boddy was best man. Captain and Mrs. Mackay have gone abroad for their honeymoon. The bride was married in her travelling costume of pastel blue cloth, and black velvet hat with plumes. The bridesmaid was in brown, and brown hat with yellow feathers.

A new portrait of Lady Rosemary Portal. She is the daughter of the second Earl Cairns, and her marriage to Lieut. Wyndham Portal took place recently.

Invitations were out at mid-week to the marriage of Miss Amie Beatrice Sinclair and Mr. Gilbert Sutherland Stairs, which will take place on October 27, at half-past two o'clock, in St. George's church, to be followed by a reception at Roslyn, the Sinclair family residence in Rosedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Symington went to Montreal last week to attend the marriage of Miss Martha Symington and Mr. William Paterson, of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Lowndes are at the St. George, where Mrs. Lowndes will hold her postnuptial reception on Tuesday.

The graduating exercises of the nurses' class of 1908-9 at the training school in connection with the King Edward Sanitarium and Free Hospital will be held this afternoon at half-past three o'clock.

Lady Edgar and the Misses Edgar are at Miss Beatty's pension, 50 Maitland street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Whitehead are at the Queen's. Mrs. Falconer, 69 St. George street, will receive next Tuesday. Mrs. Gilmour and Miss Featherstonhaugh have gone to Ottawa for the winter. Mrs. Cuff-Quin, daughter of Mrs. Gilmour, resides at the Capital.

Dr. and Mrs. Cleland, lately of New York, have settled in Toronto at 134 Bloor street west, where Mrs. Cleland will receive next Friday afternoon and evening.

The tidings of General Buchan's dangerous illness reached Toronto at mid-week, and at time of writing his condition was most serious. An attack of pleuro-pneumonia had proved very threatening, and although every care was being given him in the Victoria Hospital at Montreal, his family and friends had grave anxiety regarding the result. General Buchan was so long identified with military and social life in Toronto, his native city, that hosts of friends deplored his illness.

Rev. and Mrs. Crawford Brown were among the guests at the Allan-Morrison bridal reception on Wednesday, and their friends hope to see them very often at the many bright functions of the coming season.

Dr. and Mrs. Lang have taken Professor Vander-Smissen's house for the winter, and moved in this week.

Judge Seymour, of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, left town on Monday, after a short visit to relatives here.

Mrs. Grafton and the Misses Douglas have taken a flat in the St. George. Major and Mrs. Marescaux are at the Alexandra. Mrs. Marescaux is a very charming addition to many smart coteries.

The Toronto polo team won the trophy in the polo tournament last week at Woodbine Park.

At the marriage of Miss McParland and Mr. Fred Hammond in the Cathedral at Kingston, the very beautiful decorations were from Dunlop's, and many who had feared the scaffolding in use for the renovating now in progress would spoil the effect, were charmed with the device of using it as part of a trellis of Southern smilax and autumn leaves. The touch of an artist can transform even such an eyesore, and the lovely wedding was not marred, but beautified as mentioned.

The marriage of Miss Abbie Lenora Morrison, second daughter of Mr. James Morrison, 81 St. George street, and Mr. Frank Sutherland Allan, second son of Mr. A. A. Allan, 496 Sherbourne street, was celebrated in St. Augustine church, at half-past two on Wednesday, October 6, Rev. F. Plummer officiating, assisted by Rev. Harold McCausland. The church was decorated with golden-hued 'mums, and that color tone was observed in the bridesmaids' very *chic* dresses and the house decorations at the reception and *dejeuner*. The bride, who was brought in and given away by her father, wore a rich white satin gown, with tulle and pearl overdress, the bolero being of fine pearl embroideries, very effective and handsome, with point de Venise artistically introduced. The veil was fastened by a Juliet cap of pearls, and the bouquet was a very handsome shower of lily of the valley falling from a large cluster of mauve orchids. The bride is petite, and particularly frank and winning in manner, and looked a picture of girlish happiness as she came down the aisle of the quaint church after her marriage. The attendants were Miss Yolande Morrison, sister of the bride; Miss Lillian Allan, sister of the groom; and Miss Evelyn Taylor, all of whom looked their best in their charming gowns of yellow chiffon satin, with short overdresses of gold embroideries and network of gold beads, fringed, and clinging to the slight girlish figures in very becoming fashion. The hats were of black velvet with long folded bows and plumes, and the whole effect was excellent. Their flowers were huge armfuls of golden 'mums. Mr. Arthur Allan was best man. During the signing of the register, Mr. Bertram Allan sang. A reception at 81 St. George street followed the ceremony, at which a very large number offered their congratulations to the bride and groom, who received in the drawing room. The wedding gifts were arranged in a room upstairs, and were very fine, one particularly handsome was a mahogany table with a case of silver attached, such a splendid assortment of every conceivable article for table use, as one seldom sees. The walls were hung with many charming pictures, gifts to the happy pair, and one present, given jointly by Mrs. Taylor and her daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. George Gale, was a complete set of engraved crystal for the dinner table, including finger-bowls; and other gifts were two fine sets of valuable china. A little gift which Mrs. Allan will prize was a five o'clock tea and bread and butter set, with the initial in gold, done by her teacher and comrades in the painting class. The *dejeuner* was served in an immense marquee on the fine lawn reaching to the grounds of 'Varsity; the bridal party had a long table at the south end, and the buffet ran along the east side. Rev. Mr. Plummer proposed the bride's health, remarking in the course of a capital little speech that it seemed that the one day in a man's life on which he felt himself of no account was the same day on which some delightful girl promised to love and serve him. Mr. Allan made a very apt reply, and Mr. Arthur Allen gave quite an oration on behalf of the bridesmaid. There was a burst of singing, and "twa braw pipers" broke into the music dear to all good Scotchmen, playing their finest when the bride and groom said good-bye. Judging by the laughter and fun, this was the gayest wedding of the month, and the presence of a great many young people was the inspiration to much merriment. Mr. and Mrs. Allan left for their honeymoon in the States in a brougham decorated with white ribbons and a white and silver motto on the back, even the surprised horses being peppered with colored confetti, of which about a bushel was flying over everybody. The ushers at the church were Mr. Charles Band, Mr. John Wright, Mr. Cochrane, and Mr. Bartlett Rogers. The small niece of the bride, Gwendolyn Caldwell, was flower girl, in a white frockie mounted over yellow, and white hat, and carrying a basket of cream rosebuds. Quite a number of out of town guests were at this wedding, Mr. and Miss Chaplin, of St. Catharines; Miss Rice, of Memphis, who came with Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, a bride and groom just returned from a honeymoon at Constantinople, Odessa and Budapest. An attractive party came on for the wedding from Brantford, and Miss Greening and Miss Hoodless were two Hamilton beauties among the many attractive people present. A jolly dance was given in the evening, and finished a remarkably pleasant day.

Mrs. J. B. Miller, 98 Wellesley street, will not receive until next month, when she will be at home every Monday.

Miss Maida Maclachlan, daughter of Mr. A. W. Maclachlan, Carlton street, is one of this season's debutantes.

On Tuesday night, Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney, Mrs. Frank Polson and several men friends, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith and their English guest, Mr. Blundell of London, were in some of the boxes at the Alexandra to see "The Witching Hour." The actors were recalled half a dozen times at the end of one act, and the play was interesting and excellently acted.

Mrs. Darling and Miss Gwen Darling have returned to Rosemount, their Rosedale home. Miss Winifred Darling is visiting Mrs. Casey Baldwin at Beinnbreagh, Baddeck, C.B.

Lady Meredith has returned from her sojourn on the Atlantic seashore.

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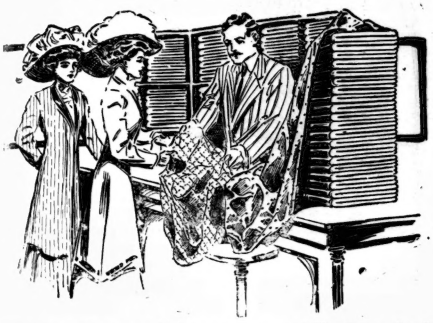

THIS is the store which has been termed The Dress Goods Store of Toronto for a generation.

Our display of Dress Goods and Silks is one of the sights of Toronto, from the feminine viewpoint. Every visitor to the city exclaims in surprise. Do not overlook the fact that buying dress fabrics by the yard can best be done where you have unlimited choice, a plentitude of daylight, moderate prices, and the assurance of quality which comes with a knowledge of the Dress Goods history of this store.

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NEW YORK seems to have taken a sudden notion that it is time corded effects came in again. Although the silk manufacturers turn out corded silks to a certain extent every year to fill a staple demand, and we ordered a supply in the usual way, this season we have been obliged to cable for more. New York stores are advertising strongly. The vogue, on this side of the Atlantic, at any rate, has set in strongly that way.

As a matter of course, this store has the fullest assortment of Corded Silks and Velvets in Canada. We say that with every assurance of incontrovertibility.

New "Renaissance" Moire Silks, all pure silk, very richly watered, in amethyst, wistaria, violet, mauve, Copenhagen, reseda, myrtle, coral, old rose, sky, ivory and black at **$1.50 yard.**

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A QUITE remarkable story is "Calvary: A Tragedy of Sects," by "Rita" (The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, publishers; price, $1.25). The writer in a brief preface explains that the book "embodies the subject of many years' anxious thought and study of religious systems;" and then adds: "I publish it with many misgivings. Yet I feel that those who have *known* the soul's struggle for Truth will understand my meaning. Those who have not may scoff as they please." The present reviewer must admit that he has never known, and that he never hopes to know, such a struggle for Truth as will make him miserable and mad. Therefore he cannot pretend to understand just what this book is intended to mean.

The story concerns a boy named David, who is found when a child by a fisherman on the Cornish coast—seemingly the only survival of a shipwreck. David is a spiritual lad. He sees visions, and feels a call to preach. Then appears a strange character—the Wanderer, he is called—who seems to be an incarnation of Truth. The Wanderer induces the Squire of the neighborhood to send the boy to a college in the Tyrol, where students of various creeds and nationalities are educated on a basis of individualism, and which, it turns out, is an institution founded by the Wanderer himself. The Squire is a cynic, but he has not disturbed David's simple belief and ardent faith. However, when the boy returns from college and is invited to London by a clergyman who is an "advanced thinker," to deliver a series of sermons in a fashionable church, he has more than his faith disturbed. Not only do his host's opinions cast him into a sea of doubt, as the saying is, but a dashing and immoral, or rather unmoral, young society lady—a married lady—is attracted by the handsome, spiritual youth, and before he knows it he is kissing her in her boudoir. Immediately David is in an agony of remorse. He has been unfaithful to his peasant lover back home, and, worse still, to his religious ideals. He refuses to preach again, and leaves London in a hurry. But he is pursued by this Mrs. Potiphar, who finds him in an out-of-the-way place in Brittany, and he proves to be no Joseph. After this final defeat the youth is completely demoralized, and the Wanderer, who always turns up when he is wanted, finds him dazed and broken and at the end of his life.

In addition to the principal figures of the tale, the author has introduced a large number of minor characters of various religious beliefs and disbeliefs, in order, apparently, that she may discuss all the creeds under the sun. And she finds them all wanting, from Roman Catholicism to Christian Science. The Jewish faith indeed escapes from any hard knocks, for the Jew of the story—the husband of David's seductress—is a very decent if vulgar fellow, who, unlike all the other characters, is not disturbed about religious matters at all. "Rita's" idea of Truth may be gleaned from the characteristics of the Wanderer. He is a Bohemian, very broad and liberal, despising conventions, believing that everyone should know the ways of the world. Indeed we find him sipping absinthe—several glasses—on a Paris boulevard on one occasion. But a close friendship with him does not save even the spiritual David from woman, lovely, awful woman. This is about where "Rita" leaves us.

It seems to me that instead of writing books like "Calvary," in which the reader is given gloomy pictures of people worrying themselves miserable through theological gropings, it would be well for authors as undoubtedly serious and competent as "Rita" to write on more hopeful themes. Give us Sanity and Health and we need not go hunting for Faith and Truth as if they were as hard to find as the North Pole—they will come to us of themselves. If young David had been a normally sane and healthy-minded young fellow, he would have survived his adventures and his troubles well enough.

* * *

The trouble with the majority of stories of mystery and adventure is that while they may start well and perhaps hold one breathless with interest for quite a while, they suddenly fizzle out to nothing. The writer has not had any real plot to build on, and while he may have the cleverness to fool the reader until he has reached the middle of the story or a little beyond, the reader inevitably arrives at a point when he feels that he has been fooled. All at once he finds himself out of the preliminary maze of improbabilities through which he has been led and feels about as foolish as does a young greenhorn when he comes out of a maze at a fair. There has been much promise of mystery, but no mystery. The Sherlock Holmes stories written by Conan Doyle, after he had foolishly brought the famous detective character to life in order that he might figure in a batch of pot-boilers, were tales of this class. They started like real Sherlock Holmes stories but they faded away to insignificant incidents.

"Mr. Marx's Secret," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock & Co., publishers, London and Toronto) is an excellent example of the sort of fiction referred to. It starts well, and for many chapters the reader's interest is held fast, for he is sure that a plot, mysterious yet humanly possible, is being unfolded. But he finds the series of thrilling incidents he has been enjoying, instead of falling together into a solution or a conclusion, suddenly falling apart and revealing the basis of the story to be nothing but a chaos of bizarre but impossible fancies. When Mr. Oppenheim starts out to tell a story he generally has one to tell, and he has written some rattling good tales of the light and improbable sort. But "Mr. Marx's Secret" is built up on a mere jumble of conflicting motives and actions. Mr. Marx kept his secret by living in disguise for years with a very shrewd intimate acquaintance, whose enemy he had become. And yet, though as clever as this, and a very devilish fellow, he could not think of any way of killing his enemy after one clumsy effort had failed. These things could be overlooked in an Oppenheim tale, if in other respects the story hung together fairly well; but it doesn't. And yet—who can tell?—many people may read it with delight and complete satisfaction.

* * *

"Into the Night," by Frances Nimmo Greene, (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publishers) is a story into which the author has crowded as much of mystery and tragedy as her talent as a writer would allow, with a lot of psychological gropings thrown in for good measure. It is an unpleasant tale with a ghastly conclusion, and yet it is safe to say that the average reader once he has commenced it will not lay it aside until he has seen how it turns out. In fact one can imagine many people being quite fascinated with it. But it is not a book to be recommended to discriminating readers.

The story opens with a description of a real occurrence—the lynching of the Italian murderers of Hennessey, the New Orleans chief of police, and then a lurid picture is given of the possibilities of a mingling of the various races in that southern city—the well-born Americans, the negroes, the Italians and other foreigners. The Italian secret society known as the Mafia is at the bottom of the mystery and tragedy of the tale, and the author has plainly intended "Into the Night" to be a strong justification of the dramatic lynching of Hennessey's slayers and a warning against any connection with an abominable and abominated people. In fact the title of the book ought to have been "The Curse of Commingling" or something of that kind.

* * *

This autumn two books will be published about the late Lord Kelvin, the great British scientist. One of these is a formal biography by Professor Silvanus Thompson, and the other is a volume of personal reminiscences written by his sister, Mrs. King, who died shortly after she had completed this work.

* * *

For many years George Meredith was "reader" for the English publishing house of Chapman & Hall. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be noted that a "reader" is one who examines manuscripts submitted to publishers and decides, or helps to decide, whether they are worth putting in book form. Here are a few of Meredith's comments on some of the matter on which he had to pass judgment: "An infernal romance." "A mere wisp of a tale." "Feebler stuff than this might be written, but would tax an ape." "Written in a queer, old, maundering style, poor stuff, respectable in the mouth of one's grandmother." "Vapourish stuff." "Anstey might have made the subject amusing. This writer is an elephant." "Might gain a prize for dullness." "Cockneyish dialogue, gutter English, ill-contrived incidents, done in daubs."

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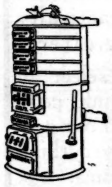

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Cecil Vivian Kerr, eldest daughter of the Speaker of the Senate, Hon. J. K. Kerr of Rathnelly, and Mr. George Hamilton Cassels, son of Chief Justice Cassels of Ottawa, was the important social event of the latter part of the past week. The ceremony took place in St. James' Cathedral, His Grace the Archbishop coming up from Ottawa to perform the service, assisted by the Rector of the Cathedral. Although the morning of Thursday was wet and lowering, the skies cleared beautifully some time before three o'clock and the golden September sunlight was glinting through the many tinted west windows of the fine old church as the guests filled the pews, the ushers gallantly doing their best to give everyone an aisle seat, and the soft music of the organ throbbing through the great nave in murmurs of anticipation. When the bridal party arrived, the boys' choir was awaiting them at the south entrance, and preceded them up the aisle singing one of the bridal hymns on the pretty white and silver services placed for each guest. A very sedate and serious little maiden led the procession, Miss Marion Beck of London, only child of Hon. Adam Beck. She wore a white satin frock and granny bonnet, and carried an armful of Easter Lilies and as she very slowly paced up the long aisle, many a friendly smile was sent her way. The three bonnie bridesmaids, Miss Florence Kerr, last daughter of Rathnelly, as maid of honor, and Miss Dorothy Betts of London and Miss Susie Cassels, sister of the groom as attendant maids, were in cowslip marquisette semi-empire dresses with lace yokes and large white hats, trimmed with yellow roses and wired bows of silk figured net. They carried sheaves of Easter lilies, and each vied with the other in attraction. The bride wore a plain robe of ivory satin with a very long and particularly well-hung train, and her fair hair was partially covered by a beautiful Carrickmacross lace veil of exquisite ivory tint. Some of the same lace was used in trimming the gown, and the jewels were a pearl necklace and a large diamond brooch. The bouquet was an Empire cascade of lily of the valley. Miss Kerr is the third bride to leave Rathnelly within a short time, and each has been a lovely picture, but none more graceful and dignified than the bride of last week. Mr. Allan Magee of Montreal, was best man. A touch of stateliness was given to this wedding by the Arch episcopal robes and attendant Chaplain bearing the Archbishop's staff of office before the high dignitary who officiated at the wedding of his young relative, the bridegroom. Archibishop Hamilton's sonorous voice, and Dr. Plumptre's very clear tones filled every corner of the church, and the service was given in its entirety, the choir singing the canticle and responses and a couple of hymns. There was no solo during the signing of the register. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to Rathnelly, where the Senator and Mrs. Kerr received and congratulations were offered to Mr. and Mrs. Cassels. Rathnelly always lovely, was particularly gay and bright for the wedding, and the little speech in which the Archibishop proposed the health of the bride and groom was greeted with great cheering and merriment, his Grace having inadvertantly proposed Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cassels, instead of Mr. and Mrs. George. Lovely Mrs. Bertie Cassels was looking radiant at the wedding as if the good wishes she received a very few years ago had every one come true. The presents were arranged in the north drawing-room and were magnificent, several of the handsomest being jewels for the fair bride. The decoration of the Cathedral was simple but most effective, the guests' pews being marked at intervals by large clusters of white roses, tied with broad cowslip ribbons. (This color scheme was carried out even in the tint of the gloves and ties worn by the ushers, Mr. Waldie, Mr. Stanley Kerr, Mr. McCarthy and Dr. Howard of Montreal). In the Cathedral chancel, immense tall urns of pierced brass were filled to overflowing with Easter lilies, apparently the bride's chosen flowers this fall, as several have carried them. About five o'clock Mrs. George Cassels came down to say good-bye to her friends, and left with her husband, for a bridal tour, looking very handsome in a pale blue travelling costume and large black plumed hat. The orchestra playing "Just one girl" as she went away. Mrs. Kerr wore a pastel rose satin gown with a very large hat with rose plumes. Her two beautiful daughters Mrs. Osler and Mrs. Harty were flitting about their old home in charming frocks and hats, and there were a few privileged persons who caught a glimpse of the baby boy from Kingston upstairs. Toronto friends are congratulating themselves that Mr. and Mrs. Cassels will make their home in this city, as heretofore we have been distinct losers by the Rathnelly bridals. Among the out of town guests at this wedding were Chief Justice and Mrs. Cassels, the Misses Cassels, Hon. and Mrs. Adam Beck, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, who looked regal in heliotrope and white, her daughter, Mrs. Beck, very lovely in soft dull blue satin and picture hat. Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison and Miss Denison, Mrs. G. T. Denison and the debutante, Miss Clare; Mrs. Webber and her pretty debutante, Miss Jessie; Mrs. Baines and the bride of this week, Miss Baines; Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. G. P. Reid and her beautiful little debutante, Miss Edna; Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn and their pretty young brunette daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Miss Hope Morgan, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Col. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie of Montreal, Miss Gibbons of London, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbons (Mrs. Ogilvie and Mrs. Gibbons very much welcomed by their old friends here), Mr. Gibson Cassels, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Archibald, Miss Deeda Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Austin of Spadina and Miss Austin, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mr. Law, Mrs. Coulson, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Mrs. Macdonald of Goderich, Mrs. Cambie, Miss Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. W. C. Matthews, Miss Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mrs. James Elmsley, Mrs. and Miss Adele Boulton, and a great many others.

H. H. Princess Maud of Fife, second daughter of H.R.H. the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, who was recently presented at Court.

Mr. J. R. Lee, of 407 King street east, died after an illness of some months, on Monday, October 3. He leaves a family of two sons and three daughters, Miss Lillian Lee being the only one unmarried, and her father's devoted companion for several years. Mrs. R. J. Christie and Mrs. Harry Beatty are the two married daughters, and Messrs. W. H. Lee, of Crescent road, and Joseph Lee, of New Orleans, the sons surviving Mr. Lee. To all his friends, and they were many, Mr. Lee's death causes a sincere feeling of regret, as he was most highly esteemed.

Heydon Villa, Colonel George T. Denison's handsome home at the corner of Rusholme road and College street, was the Mecca of many a fair pilgrim on Tuesday, when a large afternoon reception was given by Mrs. Denison to present her only daughter, Miss Clare Denison, to her friends. The fine grounds, absolutely unspoiled, and looking very cool and woodsey in the bright sunshine; the noble proportions of the drawing room, where all the guests found room to get about and see each other after a summer's separation, the shoals of lovely flowers piled behind the debutante and filling her arms, tributes from her friends and admirers, and the dainty teatable bright with crimson roses and lily of the valley, filling the far end of the big room, combined to make this tea unusually joyous and interesting. Quite a number of this year's buds were assisting, and others came with mothers, big sisters, or other chaperones to greet their sister-bud, who looked very sweet and dainty in a rose pink satin gown, with a huge sheaf of pink rosebuds resting in the hollow of her left arm, while her pretty right hand must have been tired of the warm handshakes and squeezes that went with a thousand good wishes as the guests passed in endless line before her. Mrs. Denison wore a very delicate mauve and grey gown, with a cluster of fragrant violets pinned on the corsage, and looked very proud of her graceful daughter. Among those who enjoyed the hour at Heydon Villa were Lady Mulock, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. McMurrich, Mrs. Nicoll, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. and Miss M. Featherstonhaugh, Miss Gibson, Miss Denison of Rusholme, Mrs. Delamere and Miss Denison, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. R. Capreale, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Kennin, Mrs. Marescaux, Mrs. and Miss Amy Sinclair, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mrs. MacCallum, Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. and the Misses Caldwell, Mrs. G. P. Reid, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Auden, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. A. R. and Miss Cecil Denison, Mrs. Lorne Campbell, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. McCullough of Brandon, Mrs. Ormsby, the Misses Wyndeat, Mrs. Clarence and Miss May Denison, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. and Miss Patty Armour, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mrs. Maclean, Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft, Miss Brouse, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Mabel Haney, Miss Larkin, Mrs. Somerville of Atherly, Mrs. George Evans, Mrs. John Kay, Miss Alice Fuller, Mrs. R. Macdonald, Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth, Miss Jessie Webber, Miss Lulu Crowther, Miss Winifred Cross. Among the debutantes who assisted were Miss Gladys Francis, whose tall, graceful figure and handsome face were the cynosure of all eyes; Miss Edna Reid, a fascinating little person, with the most piquant type of beauty; Miss Helen Blake, who has just come back from England, and is a lovely girl; and Miss Violet Heward, Mr. Edin Heward's pretty daughter. Miss Brough, who came out last year; Miss Kirkpatrick, a "not-out" daughter of Mr. Alexis Kirkpatrick; Miss Adele Harman, and several other girls were deft and tireless waitresses on their friends.

Upper Canada College prize-giving takes place on October 13, next Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Haney is giving a tea for her daughter, Miss Mabel Haney's debut in the near future.

Mrs. Machell called a meeting of the debutantes this week to arrange for special sets of lancers to be danced by the buds and their "thorns," as a mischievous girl calls her boy friends. "No bud without a thorn" is her motto.

Mrs. Osborne Plunkett, of Vancouver, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Franc Sewell, 77 Avenue road.

Lady Tilley and Miss Tilley are at 170 Bloor street west.

St. Andrew's College prize-giving will take place on Friday afternoon, October 15, at three o'clock. Invitations are out to this interesting event.

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BILL, THE PLOTTER

A Newspaper Man's Story

By LESTER KETCHUM

IT seems but yesterday that old Bill Ijams lurched into the office, fell over a chair or two, sat himself down upon the edge of my table, and announced, with drunken gravity, that he was the best blank-dashed job printer that hit the pike.

"Yes?" I said, briefly, glancing up from one of the pungent paragraphs that used to cause me so much amusement, yet were not appreciated by the exchange editors of the metropolitan papers.

"Didn't I say so, young feller?" he asked, in an aggrieved tone, as he reached for my box of smoking tobacco and stowed away a handful of it behind his wealth of bristling moustache and whiskers. "Gimme a job?" he added, closing one eye and viewing me critically with the other, the while he masticated the tobacco.

We needed a man, so I called the foreman.

"Give this man that bill-head job of Dudley's, Ed, and see what he can do," I said.

"I'll dern soon show ye what ol' Bill c'n do, young feller," grumbled Mr. Ijams, as he rolled off the table and followed Ed. "Ol' Bill c'n turn out artistic work fr'm a blacksmith shop—such's I take *this* t' be, sonny," with a contemptuous glance at the interior of the press and composing-room. Then he hung up his coat, filled his old cob pipe—with my tobacco—grabbed a "stick," and went to work.

The proof of that one-horse bill-head job, when it was handed me, about three-quarters of an hour later, filled me with joy. It was a thing of beauty—a masterpiece.

"Do you want to stay here awhile?" I asked, having in mental view numerous orders for job-work on the strength of Mr. Ijam's unquestionable ability in that line. Bill was standing with folded arms, leering at me with that one-eyed squint of his.

"'Course—ef ye c'n stan' my price."

"What is it?"

He named a figure about seven dollars a week higher than I felt we could afford; but as I pondered over it, he added, "But I c'n do more work th'n two ord'nary men—ef I git it to do."

"All right," I said, finally, "we'll try it a week," and I turned again to my work.

"Hold on," he said, "I want t' make 'n agreement with ye. Don't let me have any money. I can't stand prosperity, ye see. So, ef ye'd jest's soon stake me out at some boardin'-house, an' git me a little eatin' an' burnin' t'bacca, I'll be fixed."

This was agreed to, as was also the request that I "stake" him for another drink, to "steady his nerves." Then Bill settled down to work—and if ever there was a star of the first magnitude in the job-printing line, he was that same. I took samples of the first two or three jobs he turned out, and with these I sallied forth and booked more orders than we had received in months past; but old Bill, slow in his movements as he proved was, equal to the rush, and everything was done on time, as promised. Not only was he valuable in his working capacity, but he kept us all amused with a constant flow of anecdotes, related in his dry way in a drawling voice rendered husky by years of dalliance with John Barleycorn and tobacco.

He claimed to be, and probably was, over sixty years of age, and was a walking encyclopedia of geographical information, having walked, he said, in every country on the face of the earth where the English language is printed. Of course, he had worked on The New York Tribune in Greely's time, and was one of the several thousand "only men" who could readily decipher "old Horace's" copy. Cairo, Egypt, was one of the out-of-the-way places he had "held cases" in, and accordingly the boys dubbed him "Africa," which *sobriquet* he did not resent in the least.

He had been with us about a week, when, one morning, he slouched into the office and dropped into a chair near me. For some time he puffed away at his vile old pipe without speaking, but finally remarked, apropos of nothing:

"Tell me ye write some f'r magazines, an' so on."

I admitted that I possessed literary aspirations.

"F ye want s'm rattlin' good plots," said Bill, with some diffidence, "I c'n fill ye full of 'em. Make 'em up when I'm drunk on th' road. Good one, too."

"Yes?" I said, wearily—for I had spent many a dull hour with that variety of bore with "a rattling good plot" to tell about. "Why don't you write 'em yourself?"

"Can't; aint never sober long enough," said Bill, frankly. "When I *am* sober, I have t' work 't th' trade, so's t' git quick returns. But I'll tell *you* some of 'em. Stay awhile, after they go t' press, some night, an' we'll chaw th' rag."

With all due gratitude to Bill for his kindly interest in my affairs, and the painstaking way in which he imparted to me those plots of his upon which such successful bits of fiction were to be builded, it must be said that his efforts to assist me were fruitless. Either Bill sober forgot the principal features of the plots mapped out by Bill drunk, or his listener was singularly obtuse and failed to see things as Bill himself did. At any rate, I am not going to tell what became of the three or four manuscripts in which some of Bill's ideas were embodied.

This saddened Bill and made him morose. The last straw came in the shape of a note from an editorial friend who had published a number of sketches of mine, in which he frankly stated his private opinion that I must have an awful nerve to expect him to read such rot, much less publish it. I handed the letter to Bill. He read it in silence, then, with some lurid profanity directed at editors in general, turned and left the office.

At five o'clock in the afternoon he came back, drunk and abusive, and wanted what money was due him. I tried to dissuade him, telling him we wanted him to stay with the office awhile.

"T' h—l with you an' th' office!" he roared. "Gimme my time!"

"But the bank's closed, Bill," I pleaded. "Won't a few dollars do until to-morrow?"

"Give—me—my—time—*now!*"

I went out, cashed a check with some difficulty, and came back and gave Bill his money. He went out growling.

Next morning he came in, showing the effects of his debauch, and sat down by the stove.

"Ready to go to work, Bill?" I asked.

"No. I'm goin' t' hit th' road," he said, gruffly. "C'n ye let me have four bits?"

"Great Cæsar, Bill! You won't quit us, with all those jobs on the book?" I cried in dismay.

"Might as well. Won't be any good ef I stay," he replied, with considerable firmness. "Do I git the four bits?"

He got it, and after shaking hands all round, he disappeared in the direction of the railway station.

About six months later, Bill floated into the office again. If he had been sober during the interval, there certainly was nothing about his appearance to indicate it. I have seen almost every variety of bum and tramp, but in all my experience I can not recall meeting one of such thoroughly unwholesome appearance as old Bill presented that morning.

"*Wie geht's*, sonny?" he hiccoughed, cheerfully, holding out a dirty paw. "Know me?"

I surveyed him with ill-concealed disgust, as I remarked:

"It is possible that a bath and a barber might disclose the face and form of my old friend Bill. But now—great Scott, Bill! Go and get a bath and a hair-cut."

He took the dollar I gave him, chuckled hoarsely, and left, to return in about an hour somewhat improved in appearance, and ready for work.

"Say," he remarked, as he took off his coat, "I've got th' best derned plot f'r a short story ye ever heard of. I'll tell ye t'night."

But, alas! it was like all the others he had given me, and quite as valueless as those he subsequently imparted to me during his three weeks' sojourn with us. At the end of that time, he departed in much the same manner as before. He got drunk, 'went broke," borrowed a half-dollar again, and walked out of town.

For the next three years, he showed up at intervals of five or six months—departing as innocent of means as when he arrived, always, however, with a new suit of clothes. Never did he fail to announce, upon his arrivel, that he had the "best derned plot" for a story I ever heard of. And never did one of his ideas avail me anything.

A year or so after the death of the always sickly Journal, of which I had been the editor-in-chief from the beginning, I met Bill in Chicago. I was then "doing police" on one of the morning papers, and it was while attending the Monday morning "round-up" at the old Armory station that I became aware of his presence. As the police judge, atfer looking at the name on the sheet before him, remarked something about "jim-jams" being a more appropriate name than "Ijams," I glanced up, and there, in the prisoners' dock, was old Bill, looking, oh! so tough!—but with a knowing leer on his face as he recognized me.

I whispered to the judge, who grinned. "Old friend, eh? William, the officer says you were drunk and disorderly, Saturday night. How about it?"

"Guilty, judge," said Bill, cheerfully.

"M—hm. Ever been here before, William?"

"Not as many times 's I ought t' been."

"Coming again? No? Discharged. Your friend here wishes to see you, William."

Bill was entirely unabashed when I met him at the door, and seemed greatly amused at my suggestion that he ought to be ashamed of himself. "I never thought you'd come to this, Bill," I said, severely.

"Fiddle-de-dee, boy! Likewise, 'Rats'!" replied Bill, with coarse disregard for the dignity of my official star. "Ef I had two bits f'r ev'ry time that's happened, I wouldn't be tryin' t' borrow a dollar now," he continued, adroitly.

He got the dollar, and on the way uptown unfolded to me one of the "best derned plots" for a story he had ever evolved; but it was not good enough to consider, and my manner told him so.

"I'll leave ye here," he said, abruptly, as we came to Van Buren Street. "I look too tough t' go uptown with ye. But, looky, sonny, nex' time I see ye, I'm sure goin' t' give ye a plot that'll make y'r hair curl. Understand?"

We parted, and Bill made a beeline for the nearest place to get an "eye-opener." That was the last I saw of him for two years.

Of all the ubiquitous individuals I ever ran across in all sorts of out-of-the-way places and elsewhere. Bill Ijams was the one oftenest in evidence. The next time I saw him, he was in New York; next, I found him officiating as foreman in a little newspaper office in a Nebraska prairie town; and a year later he turned up in San Francisco, and stumbled across my path. On each and every occasion he had "the best derned plot" all ready to give me; and, quite as regularly nothing came of it.

A few months after seeing him in San Francisco, while chatting with the editor of a paper in southern New Mexico, I heard a familiar voice from the door of the composing-room asking some question about a "job." Behold our old friend Bill, stick in hand, with the same old familiar one-eyed leer on his grizzled countenance. After he went out I told the editor about him.

"Why don't you take the old villain out to the mine and straighten him out, if you're going to be there awhile?" asked Sherman. "He's good for years if you can keep him sober; but he nearly died after his last jamboree, a few weeks ago. He's about 'due' again, by now."

Just then Bill's head emerged from the doorway. "Say, sonny," he remarked, "I got somethin' t' tell ye, ef y're 'round t'night. It's a corker, sure, this time."

"All right, Bill. Come over and take supper at the hotel with me."

Bill readily accepted the proposition I held out to him to go out to our camp and work. He liked the prospect of a change of employment, and also that of being out of reach of his old enemy when one of his "spells" came on. So when I drove out next day, I was accompanied by this cheerful old reprobate, who seemed happy as a boy over the outlook. He had one or two "plots" to unfold, too; but he did not seem hurt when I failed to enthuse over them.

* * * * * * * *

Bill had been with us at White Hawk about three months, and during that time had succeeded not only in standing off "the enemy," but in making himself the most popular man in camp, besides. So it was with genuine regret that everybody heard that he was about to pull up stakes and move on. But the roving fever had him, and nothing we could say or do would induce him to reconsider.

Without his knowledge, "the boys" bestirred themselves in his behalf, and on the eve of his departure he was decoyed up to Higgins's boarding-house, where a "grand ball" was being held in his honor. And when they presented the old fellow with a handsome watch: "This is addin' insult t' injury," said Bill, with grateful tears in his bleary old eyes.

About midnight, when the *baile* was at its height, came startling news, brought in by a late arrival from the Arizona line. The notorious "Kid" and his cut-throat band of reds were out on the war-path, and it behooved those present—the men, at least—to get to their respective ranches and look after their buildings and stock.

A week later found us a mere handful of men, hampered by the presence of half a hundred women and chil-

(*Concluded on page* 19.)

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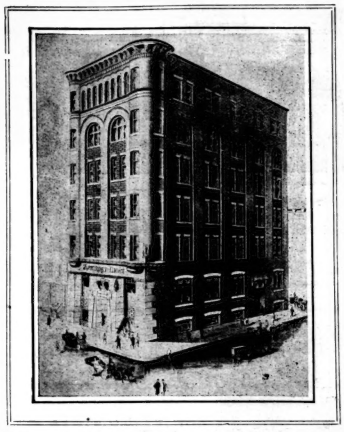

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!?. Points About People .?!

Another Story of Christopher Bunting.

A SHORT time ago some reminiscences of the late Christopher W. Bunting were published in these columns, and an old Toronto newspaper man who read them has recalled another one in which the noted editor played a small part. In the later seventies and in the eighties, Mr. Bunting kept a supervising eye over everything, and used to engage everyone on the staff of The Mail himself, and suggest the duties they were to perform.

One day a little Englishman blew in town from Montreal, and told him a hard luck story, saying that he was a trained reporter who had not been able to get a hold in this country. Mr. Bunting engaged him and turned him over to the city editor. The latter asked what he should do with him, and Mr. Bunting suggested that he be put on railroad news until he got to know the town. Mr. Bunting went to New York for a week, and on his return journey bought a copy of The Mail at Hamilton. Opening it, he was surprised to read a most astounding "roast" on railroads in general, and Canadian railroads in particular. They were extortionate, their officials were incompetent and insolent, their equipment bad; altogether it was a terrible arraignment. It was a complete reversal of the policy of The Mail, which was to stimulate railroad development as essential to Canada's future.

Going to the office in wrath, Mr. Bunting sent for Mr. Farrer, his chief editorial writer, and wanted to know what he meant by passing such an article. Mr. Farrer replied that he had never seen it until it appeared in the paper, and that it must have been sent up by the city editor. The latter disavowed the article; said he had seen it in proof only, and assumed that it had been sent up by the editorial writers for reasons best known to themselves. The original copy was sent for, and the writing identified as that of the new reporter. It was obvious that he had sent it to the composing room himself. The Englishman was told to go and see Mr. Bunting.

"What the devil do you mean by sending up an article of this kind without submitting it to anyone?" asked the chief.

The reporter was not crushed. With Cockney assurance he gave the ultimatum to Mr. Bunting as follows:

"I was assigned to cover railroad news. If I am not to have a free hand to say what I please about the railroads, I wish to be placed on another assignment."

Mr. Bunting was knocked breathless. All he could say was: "Get to Hades out of here!" And seeing the look in his eye, the reporter "got," and never came back.

Shaughnessy's European Lieutenant.

NOT all Canadians are aware of the magnitude of the business done in Europe by Canadian financial concerns—banks, railways, etc. The London office of the C.P.R., for example, is a very bustling place indeed, and it is interesting to note how this company's business has expanded in twenty-four years, and to learn something of the man who overlooks it.

In 1885 Mr. Archer Baker, then general superintendent of the eastern division of the C.P.R., was sent to England to open up business for the road in Great Britain and Europe. An office was rented in Liverpool, and its staff consisted of one clerk and an office boy. Now Mr. Baker is European manager of the company, which has its own Atlantic steamers running from Liverpool, Antwerp, Bristol and London to Canadian ports. He is chief of a palatial establishment in Trafalgar Square, London, with an army of clerks, and headquarters for an organization of 2,000 offices and agencies all over the British Isles and Europe. Mr. Baker was born in the English city of York in 1845, and commenced railroad work in London in 1860. But a short experience there satisfied him, and he resolved to try his fortune in Canada. As to how he prospered we may take his own words, as they are quoted by a writer in The Idler:

"I borrowed the money to pay my second-class passage; I promptly sailed from Liverpool in the paddle steamer Scotia for New York. From that place I made my way to Montreal, finding the ice just broken up in the St. Lawrence, the only means of transit from the south being by ferry, which I took. Up to this point I had clung faithfully to the symbol of civilization, as exemplified in the ordinary top hat, which I quickly discarded, finding it somewhat unsuited to the only occupation which presented itself at the moment—a job where, for $16 a month, I had to be 'handy man' in general, sweeping out the store and cleaning the windows being two of the lightest of my tasks. Inside of a year, 1864, I was fortunate enough to obtain a position in the Allan Steamship Company, where I remained until 1869. During this time there was the attempted invasion of Canada by the Fenians and the trial of the St. Albans raiders; the latter, a party of Southerners who raided the St. Albans Bank, fled to Canada, and were subsequently arrested and brought to trial. My duties took me to Portland, Maine, U.S.A., in the winter, which the Allan steamers made their port of call during that period of the year. At that time, 1862 to 1866, the Civil War was in progress. I was there when it finished, at the time of President Lincoln's assassination, and had the pleasure of meeting many of the prominent men of the day, Generals Grant and Sherman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others; and had the good fortune to hear Charles Dickens give his last readings in America. I have reason to remember the Civil War, because I found it necessary at Montreal to get my certificate of nationality signed by the then Governor-General, Lord Monck, to avoid the conscription, which was draining the best of the young men of the country away to take part in the struggle."

In 1870 he returned to Canada and became superintendent's clerk on the Brockville and Ontario Railway. In 1878 he had risen to the position of general manager of this road and of the Canada Central Railway. In 1881 he went to the C.P.R. as eastern superintendent, with the result already stated.

The City of Homes.

PERHAPS the average Torontonian fails to realize how much the beautiful homes of the city impress visitors from afar. The myriad streets lined with handsome spick and span houses are a beautiful sight to those who make a study of urban conditions, especially in the autumn, when Nature has put her ruddy garment on.

This summer a Toronto physician was travelling between San Francisco and Denver, and in the smoking compartment encountered a big Texan who was a mountain of volubility and a mine of information about places and things. Nobody in the group that was smoking knew where the other fellows came from, or their names. They just talked on anything that came uppermost, as men do on a railroad journey.

It appeared that the Texan had been almost everywhere on the Western hemisphere. He had interests in South America, and could tell many interesting things about the cities, peoples, and resources of Central and South America—matters on which most people north of the tropic of Cancer are woefully ignorant. He was quite unaware that there was a Canadian in his audience, when after speaking of the comparative merits of Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janiero, and Valparaiso, he suddenly said in his peculiar drawl:

"But, say, gentlemen, do you want to know the name of the prettiest little city on the Western hemisphere, bar none. I only saw it last year, but it has them all beat. It isn't in South America, it isn't in Mexico, and it isn't in the States. It's a little city up in Canada, named Toronto. They haven't got such a collection of beautiful homes anywhere else in America that I know of."

A Former McGill Professor.

PROFESSOR ERNEST W. RUTHERFORD, who has recently attracted a great deal of attention in this country through his work as president of the physical and mathematical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which met recently in Winnipeg, is a former professor of McGill University, Montreal, where he first gained fame for his splendid researches in connection with liquid air and radio-activity. He is now connected with one of the great colleges of England, but his many friends in Montreal and Canada follow his career with something of a proprietary interest. They heard with pleasure of his winning the Nobel prize in science.

Professor Rutherford.

There is a rather amusing newspaper story told of Professor Rutherford while he was a science lecturer at McGill University. The Professor gave a public lecture on some scientific subject or other, and in the course of it covered a number of huge black-boards with diagrams and abstruse calculations. All this was naturally somewhat bewildering for the uninitiated, and a reporter who had been sent to "cover" the lecture for an evening paper felt himself floundering out of his depth. But he thought to get over the difficulty by showing a superb contempt for detail in his account, and by describing the lecture in a general way as being "highly speculative." When the paper came out, however, he was horror-stricken to find that the printer had got in his handiwork, and that the Professor's coldly scientific and severely abstract lecture was referred to as "highly spectacular." The reporter never found out just what Professor Rutherford thought of his account, for he kept away from McGill University for some little time.

When the Roof Came Off.

THE rainy weather of the latter part of September brought its troubles to others than the farmer and those whose callings compelled them to earn their livelihood out of doors.

There is a certain old gentleman who lives in a town not a hundred miles from Toronto, and he has two or three grown-up sons who live at home. This autumn the mother of the family decided to go away and visit one of her married daughters in another town, and the old man thought it would be a happy idea to have a new roof put on the house while she was away, get a painter to decorate it, and altogether make a new place of it to surprise her when she came home. The roofers promptly arrived and ripped the shingles and felt off the front part of the house with a view to the repairs. Then a rainstorm started and they quit work. Next day the rain came down harder, and the front bedroom began to be deluged. The old man and his sons carried the furniture out of it to the back of the house, and finally decided to take up the carpet. Still the rain continued to pour from the clouds, and the men folk realized that the parlor would be the next room to suffer. Rapidly toiling, piano, furniture, pictures and ornaments were hustled into the dining room. Then the sopping carpet came up, and father and sons, dripping and perspiring with their labors, stood and gazed on the dreary ruin. They had accomplished all the salvage possible, but the paper was peeling off the ceilings and walls, and there was nothing but dirt and desolation to be seen. But the old man is an optimist. He sighed for a moment, and then he laughed and said:

"Well, boys, there's one consolation. Thank the Lord your mother's away."

The Future Kaiser, Prince Wilhelm, and his younger brother, Prince Louis Ferdinand, at play on the seashore.

THE KAISER AND PRINCE HEINRICH OF PRUSSIA, HIS BROTHER

After the Imperial Naval Manoeuvres. The Emperor created Prince Heinrich a Grand Admiral.

The Way of the Mounted Police.

IN The Busy Man's Magazine for October, Kate Simpson-Hayes attempts seriously to answer the question, "Is the West Becoming Americanized?" Incidentally she tells some interesting experiences of Americans in our Western provinces, a couple of which are here given. One of these reveals the surprise of one of these new-comers when he had his first glimpse of the manner in which the law and order are enforced there. The writer says:

"A year ago, travelling through Alberta, I met a keen-looking American from Nebraska, and I asked him how he liked living under the British flag? His answer was:

"'Wa'l, we weren't too sure how this King deal would play out when we first came up here, but we were kept so busy taking off 34 bushels to the acre, getting seventy-three cents for every bushel of it at the door, that we come to think King Edward wasn't a bad sort of landlord after all.'

"I asked another settler living at Claresholme in Alberta, how the Canadian laws suited him.

"'Pretty d—— well,' he said, without elegance or hesitation. He left his plow (a ten-furrow affair, worked by steam) and, leaning up against a fence, told me this:

"'I was down near the boundary line last year with a bunch of horses, when a mounted policeman came along, all alone, in chase of a half-breed horse thief. He sort of expected to find him in a breed camp a bit off, and I went with him to see just how them red-coats would make a pinch. The fellow got off his horse, walked into camp, where there were about twelve or thirteen ugly-looking chaps sitting around, and says red-coat:

"'Here, you come along with me,' settling his hand quite polite like on a chap's shoulder.

"'There was a fellow grabbed his Winchester; another a Colt's; another let a yell out of him, but the red-coat just said:

"'Look here, you fellows, sit down quick, for I'm going to take this man with me.'

"'He did.'"

Why the Hats Didn't Come Off.

A GOOD many stories have been told concerning incidents which occurred during the famous visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales some years ago. One which has not been much worn by repetition is related in an article in the October number of The Busy Man's Magazine, entitled "The Protectors of Royalty in Canada," on the work of Canada's secret service.

At Sussex, N.B., when the Royal representatives were returning from across the continent, it was a bitterly cold October day, and a large concourse was at the station, accompanied by the band, to greet the distinguished party. It was usual, as soon as the car door opened, for the musical bodies joining in the welcome to play the National Anthem. All the persons on the platform of the Royal car, at the first notes of the familiar air, as well as all the male members in the waiting throngs, invariably stood with heads uncovered. Just before the door opened on this occasion, the Princess of Wales, ever thoughtful of the comfort of those about her, told the gentlemen that it would be unwise for them to remove their hats on the platform as, on account of coming out of a warm compartment to the chilly atmosphere of an October morning, there would be danger of them contracting cold. Accordingly, when the band struck up "God Save the King" they kept on their headgear. As soon as the selection had been played a tall, lanky countryman on the outskirts of the crowd yelled:

"Why don't them galoots on the platform take off their hats? Don't they know nuthin'?" And the assembly enjoyed a general laugh.

After the ceremony, as the Princess was bidding good-bye to the Mayor of Sussex, she humorously remarked:

"Will you please tell your friend who made the observation, that I am responsible for the gentlemen on the car not removing their hats."

Knew an Actress When He Saw One.

A RETURNING traveller from the West tells of a little visit he made to one of the smaller towns of southern Manitoba. It was a place with one hotel, and in the office the stranger was waiting for the train that was to take him to his next stop. The proprietor noticed his dapper appearance and enquired:

"Say, are you a theatre man?"

"No!" answered the stranger.

"Well, by gum, you look like one!" was the response.

To satisfy the obvious curiosity of the landlord the traveller confessed that his business was the promulgation of a few special lines crockery and glassware in the smaller communities of Western Canada.

"Well, that's strange," said the landlord. "I don't often make a mistake. I can tell theatre people when I see them. I've been to the By-jew and the Unickky in Winnipeg often."

The Bijou and the Unique theatres, it may be said, are well known amusement places in the Western metropolis.

"Why, there was an actress came along here two or three weeks ago, and I spotted her for what she was right away. She was a nice, bright woman, too, and a swell dresser. Came down from Winnipeg to see her husband. He was runnin' a threshing engine during the harvest, just to pick up a little extry dough."

"What was her line?" asked the traveller."

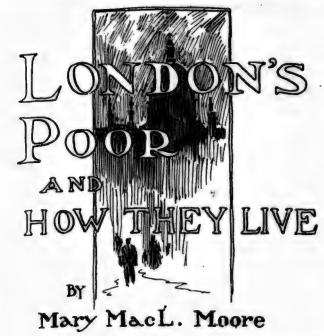
"Oh! I guess she could do almost anythin'," replied the hotel proprietor; "but gee! her clog dancin' was great!"

A Story from Japan.

THOSE who peruse the joke columns of the newspapers have perhaps read stories relating to a curious and interesting custom in Japan—the scrubbing of the backs of guests, while in the bath tub, by the landladies of hotels. But these tales have been pretty generally set down as being products of the peculiarly active imagination possessed by jokesmiths in general. Here, however, is a tale that is true.

The other evening at a meeting of the Men's Association of St. Anne's church, Toronto, a letter was read from the Rev. R. M. Millman, now in Japan, who has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in this country, and who was curate at St. Anne's before entering the mission field. One portion of the letter very much amused the young men assembled. It read thus:

"To tell a true story. A young man came out here recently to teach. His friends wanted to have some fun with him, so they asked him if he would not like a bath. He said he would. Then they told the landlady that this newcomer was particularly fond of having his back rubbed (which I suppose was perfectly true). They furthermore told her that if he seemed to object it would be because she was not rubbing hard enough. Anyway, the unsuspecting victim got into the tub, and scarcely had he done so, when in walked the landlady and began to rub. Of course he was shocked and strongly objected to the proceeding. But he did not know a word of Japanese, nor did she know a word of English; so the harder he talked in English the harder she rubbed in Japanese, till at last she felt her duty had been done, and she left him a cleaner and a wiser man."



Mary MacL. Moore

"OUT of work and miserable, Alfred Beckett, aged [illegible], went to Edmonton Cemetery to-day, and lying [illegible]son's grave, fired a pistol into his mouth."

—

"Lambeth Guardians have granted outdoor relief to [illegible]man, who, after paying his rent, has been living for [illegible]eeks on ninepence a week."

—

"The West Ham coroner held inquests to-day on five [illegible]ildren whose ages ranged from three months to six [illegible]ars, each one of whom died from consumption."

—

"Attention has been called to the case of an old-age [illegible]ensioner in Kirkcudbright, who has £750 in the bank."

—

"Mrs. Norah Donovan died in Midleton Workhouse, Cork, at the age of 103 years. She had been an inmate for sixty-two years."

—

These five items, taken at random from the daily newspapers, deal with several phases of a question which for terrible importance, and for its great bearing upon the future as well as the present of England, rivals any other in gravity.

The first paragraph treats of the man "too old to work" who has nothing to live for—or on. The second with the semi-starvation of thousands of decent people. The third with the question of infant mortality, due to a great extent to the conditions under which these unfortunate children come into the world and under which they exist for a short time—over-crowding, semi-starvation, want of proper attention from drunken or overworked mothers. The fourth, with the difficulty experienced by the authorities in giving help only to those who most need it and deserve it. The last with the occasional abuse of the workhouse system, and the cost to the nation of supporting paupers.

The census of pauperism just issued by the Local Government Board may well be called a "census of despair." The total number of persons in receipt of some form of relief during the past year, in England and Wales, is 959,848.

Close to a million persons are receiving State aid, in addition to the thousands and thousands who are helped by churches and private individuals and eke out a bare existence, without actually becoming "ins" or "outs." The figures show that one person in every thirty-seven in England and Wales, alone, is a pauper, and in London alone, one person in every thirty-two is a pauper. In the past year the pauper army has been recruited by no less than 31,177 persons.

It is curious to read the proportions of men, women and children who are members of this great company of the hopeless. The men are 25.6 per 1,000 of the population; the women 33.5, and the children under sixteen, 21.0. The reason for the large number of women is that many are widows with children to take care of, who are thus unable to give all their time to their daily labor. "Widow" is, in this case a generic term to cover deserted wives and those whose husbands are living for the time at the expense of the State in prison.

On the 1st of January of last year, 1908, the total number was 928,671, including insane and casual paupers as well as all others. But horrible as these figures are they do not give an adequate idea of the number of persons aided by State charity. "They refer only to those relieved on a certain day and take no account of persons who have received relief and have ceased to be chargeable between the days on which the Local Government Board take their census of pauperism."

A special count showed that in England and Wales alone, 1,709,436 persons were helped in the year. At one time or another during the twelve months a number equal to the populations of Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham were assisted. Of these 526,449 were men; 618,673 were women, and 564,314 children.

Out of the 1,709,436 paupers about one-third are permanent paupers, who receive relief steadily through the year; these are the aged, the hopelessly sick and the helpless children who are without parents except the State. Of the others some are assisted for a few months of the year, while absolutely unable to make a living, for various reasons; others receive help from time to time as the occasion demands; others get aid from relatives and only turn to charity when the wretched friends are unable to support them any longer.

The total relieved in the whole United Kingdom, in that period came to the gigantic number of 2,076,316. The total amount expended on these paupers, in the United Kingdom for the past year was about sixteen and a half million pounds, or something over eight shillings per head of the population. This means that an amount equal to one-half of the present expenditure on the army is spent in supporting the poor of the country.

* * *

Naturally the average person enquires "Why are these people so poor? What is the cause of poverty in the United Kingdom, or let us say in London alone?"

Pauperism with many of the people who are living at the expense of the rate-payers, is an incurable, inherited disease.

A number are born paupers, as the records show, and with a large per centage there is no dealing. There is nothing to be hoped for them, and they are a burden to the community as well as a menace to those associated with them. Even Mr. George R. Sims, the great journalist, who has for years studied the condition of the London poor, feels that the only hope is to educate their young children, improve *their* conditions as to living, and housing and provide them with work. This same optimist is my authority for the statement, bearing upon pauperism as an inherited disease, that he has knowledge of a family which has received help from the rates for three hundred years! For the elders in such families, even the uttermost of the circles made by the stone of Progress thrown into the stream, does not touch them.

The next class is the one to which belong those who live in the most dreadful poverty and often filth, but who work as they can, keeping body and soul together; to this both honest and dishonest poor belong.

To this, too, belong unemployed and unemployable. Apart from such reasons for requiring help from time to time, as sickness and age, many of them are unfitted for any regular employment, and others are kept back by drink; low wages; great competition; another reason is to be found in the employment of boys who displace men. The latter, however, forms a circle, for the boys growing up swell the ranks of these untrained men. The early marriages of untrained men, and their large families, for the poorer the people the larger their families, is another cause of the tremendous amount of pauperism. In some cases indiscriminate giving is said to be the cause of pauperism.

"Boy labor" with its result "casual labor," is responsible for a large amount of distress.

Every year 200,000 boys leave school and begin to work for a living. Are these boys apprenticed to a trade and on the way to improve their condition? Unfortunately no, for the most part. Their wages are urgently wanted at home, and it is easier for them to begin to work at once at say, seven shillings a week, than to begin as learners with perhaps three shillings and sixpence, or less, for wages. Take van-boys for example. It is a low estimate to say that there are sixty thousand carmen in London. Each man, according to police regulations, must have a van-boy. After a few years the boys become men and are superseded by other young boys. The carmen, unfortunately, do not die off merely to allow these boys to take their places as carmen, and thousands in this one occupation alone are thrown out of regular work and become "casual laborers."

* * *

Drink has always been one of the most powerful agents in bringing about poverty and distress. In England this is the case to an appalling extent, and one of its worst features is the excessive drinking among women. No one who visits London, still more who lives here, can fail to notice with dismay the tremendous number of women of all ages who patronize the "pubs," and are to be seen in the poorer quarters bloated and half drunk, standing about their doors waiting for a chance of a drink. Until the Children's Bill came into force in April the small children, including a large number of babies in arms, were carried into the "pubs" and often treated to a "drop of gin." Now children under sixteen are forbidden customers. This does not accomplish what the law hoped for, for the poor little creatures are often left alone outside in the wet and cold while their parents are within trying to forget for a time the infernal conditions under which they live.

It is unfair to speak of drink entirely as a cause of great poverty; it is often just as much the effect. It is the one bit of brightness in many lives in the slums of London. Men and women who live in places unspeakably horrible, who hardly know where the next bite is to come from, have a chance to forget at times everything but the warmth and light of the bar and the comfort drained from a glass. It is a well-known fact that the greatest number of public-houses is always to be found in the poorest districts.

A London Bishop remonstrated with a poor man for his drinking habits, and reminded him of punishment in the world to come.

"Do you think so, Guv'nor?" said the man, bitterly. "Well all I can say is I'd rather go to hell drunk than sober."

However even this bit of special pleading for the intemperate does not alter the fact that an immense deal of poverty is associated with drink. Here is one well-authenticated case on record: "Widow, four children. Eldest boy, thirty-one, now in the union infirmary, an imbecile. Daughter, weak, bad eyes for years, and has been in Ophthalmia Hospital, partly recovered, in service. Son, living at home, carter, drinks. Son aged ten at school. Father dead some years, was a notorious drinker, constantly before the magistrates and fined. Was an invalid the last seven years, and he or his wife and family on out-relief for sixteen or seventeen years. I estimate this one case has cost from £250 to £300, and is, in my opinion, due to the drinking habits of the father."

The question of how the people live is a tremendous one. The question of where they live is equally serious. Thousands of them have solved the problem of how to keep life in their poor bodies on sums so small that they seem incredible. Thousands pick up an odd job here and there, beg at times, sleep at a shelter, or, if they are "in funds," pay for a night's rest at a "lodging house." These are the men and women you see waiting on the embankment for distribution of free soup or standing in line outside the Salvation Army shelters.

The class a little better than this, who are very poor, but manage to keep a wretched semblance of a home, know how to live from hand to mouth and keep out of the "house." Meat plays a small part in their plans; fuel, washing, insurance and medicine have to be considered, as well as that awful bogey rent, but of this there is much to say.

As an example of how the poor live, here is one family of a man and his wife and three children. Their income for five weeks was fifty-one shillings, or about $12.50 of Canadian money. In five weeks these five persons spent 40s. for food; their total expenditure worked out at the rate of 2s. 4d. each for food; 1s. 3d. each for rent, and all other expenditure 10½d. each, and they were in debt.

As to what they eat, here is one case, typical of a great many. The man is a dock laborer not regularly employed. The wife is consumptive. A son of eighteen earns 8s. per week as a van-boy. There are two little girls. The son takes 2d. per day for his dinner. The clergyman sends soup a couple of times a week. No one buys meat except for a special occasion, when they are in funds. No rice is used, or oatmeal, as these are too expensive, but cheap butter, and dripping of the poorest kind, bread, a little cheap tea, and sugar. Sometimes they have bacon or a bit of fried fish. With regard to the fish, it is a curious fact that fried fish shops are one of the surest indications of a poor neighborhood.

A poor widow earns 10s. 6d. per week as a bottle-washer. She supports herself and two children, the third child earning 8s. per week. He keeps 1s. per week for pocket money, so the income of the woman and three children is 17s. 6d., and the youngest, a child of three, is boarded out for 2s. 6d. per week, and there is 15s. for the three left at home to live on. Their meals average 2d. each, and one can guess how much nourishment they obtain.

In most cases of this kind the churches and private individuals must be taken into account as helpers. Thousands of families who are not in receipt of indoor or outdoor relief from the Government, receive help more or less regularly from people interested in their cases. It can be judged from this how many there are in London who do not come under the head of "paupers" in the official reports, yet are desperately poor and requiring constant assistance.

* * *

The subject of the housing of the poor is a terrible one. In spite of all that has been done of recent years with regard to destroying slums, and improving the conditions affecting the poor, the facts are deplorable. To those in ignorance of slum life conditions in London, they seem almost impossible of belief.

There are in London two hundred thousand single rooms, each occupied by more than three persons! This means that from four to ten persons occupy one room. In giving the latter statement to the writer a well-known philanthropist, who has spent twenty-five years investigating conditions among the poor, said deprecatingly:

"Perhaps it is misleading to say ten occupy the room. In many cases the room is used as a dormitory, and the ten sleep in it, and not all at the same time."

The shameful part of it is that the rents charged for these places are proportionately enormous. The people who take such a room pay in rent from 2s. 6d. to four and five shillings per week for it.

"Why do they stay there?" For the simple reason that they are glad to get the accommodation. If they chose to leave, the landlord could get plenty of others to take the place left vacant.

Slums are not confined to any one part of London. You see miserable dirty hovels in Whitechapel or South London, but you can also see them literally in the shadow of Westminster Abbey. You can glance through open doors and under arches and see within five minutes walk of a fashionable church places that look hardly fit for human habitation.

It is a curious fact that even improvements must harm someone, while benefiting a large number. The destroying of such hideous plague spots as the old slums around Drury Lane, and all through Seven Dials, for example, for the erection of a good class of buildings, drives these people elsewhere, and if they cannot afford to pay for a decent place, they must needs herd together like cattle in such accommodation as they can afford. Thus many of the honest, though half-starved, poor are compelled to settle in the worst localities and expose their children to the consequent contamination.

There is a class to whom even these wretched "homes" are denied. These men live in the registered "common lodging-houses." These houses vary in importance from places occupied by a good class of respectable men, down to the low common lodging houses for the poorest men who can barely pay the 3d. or 4d. for shelter for the night. The common lodging-houses for women are occupied by a very low class.

The last class of all to deal with is the homeless class. Here it is worth noting that the number of homeless women, apart from those in rescue homes and places of that description, is comparatively small. The homeless men are those who cannot afford even the common lodging house, as a rule, and are obliged to sleep on the Embankment, on the stairs of an open door, or under an archway.

You see them every day asleep on the grass in the parks, or on benches.

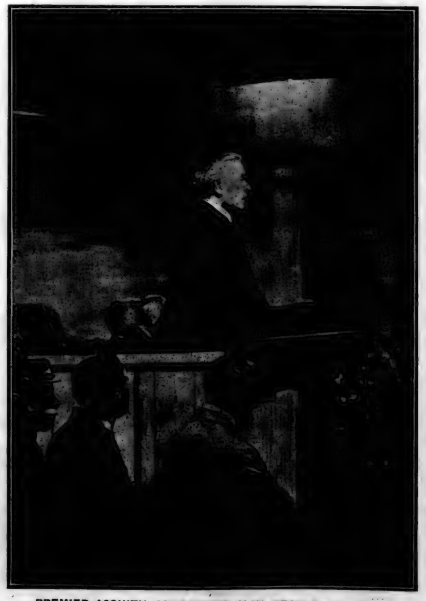
You drive along the Embankment at night coming from the theatre and see them huddled together half asleep.

You walk along the Embankment late and they lurk in the recesses at the base of Cleopatra's Needle. They die sometimes on those benches from want and privation, and a line in the papers mentions that a "homeless man was found dead last night by the policeman on duty."

This subject of the poor of London, how and where they live, and their prospects, is an enormous one, with ramifications innumerable. Within the limits of such an article as this, it is impossible to do more than give a sketch of existing conditions.

It is cheering to hear on the authority of a man who knows the subject thoroughly, that things are gradually improving. Slowly but surely legislation is affecting reformations. The churches and awakened individuals have always their weight in favor of progress. The better housing of the poor is a burning question; factory law are being improved; the sweating system, which holds flesh and blood so cheap, is having a searchlight thrown upon it. Meantime thousands exist in poverty, hunger, dirt and crime in the greatest and most philanthropic city of the world.

The sincere thanks of the writer are due to the Rt. Hon. Charles Booth, author of "Life and Labor in London"; to his assistant Mr. Jesse Argyle; and to the Rev. W. J. Torrance, organizing secretary of the Christian Social Union, for valuable information in connection with the subject of "London's Poor and How They Live."



PREMIER ASQUITH ADDRESSING 11,000 PEOPLE AT BINGLEY HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

The Premier's address was, upon this occasion strong, thoughtful, and forceful. A number of Suffragettes endeavored to break up the meeting, but were arrested and jailed for their disorderly conduct. These are the women who afterwards refused to eat jail food and were fed with stomach pumps by the jail officials.

THE LOST SHEEP.

A Canadian Critic of Englishmen.

PROF. ANDREW MACPHAIL, of McGill University, recently published a book of essays, which contains the following critical passage on the Englishman:

"An Englishman loves to believe that he can do nothing for himself—when he is in England. No man in the world can do more when he is abroad. He pretends that he is the most helpless person in the world—that he cannot carry his bag, open the door of his cab, find an address in the directory, or use a telephone. He loves to believe that he is living in the eighteenth century.

"He carries a bundle of rugs lest the coach may be mired and himself compelled to spend the night in the open. He imagines that he may be attacked by footpads, so he carries a bludgeon for protection; in every city which he visits he buys a new one, and comes home laden down with a bundle of faggots. He expects that his luggage may be stolen, so he places it by his side or above his head in the railway carriage. He thinks that rain is universal, so he carries an umbrella, even to the Sahara or Los Angeles; and, knowing that it may be stolen, he carries two.

"If England got rid of her half-employed, Englishmen would be obliged to alter somewhat their domestic and social arrangements; to do for themselves what is now done for them by big footmen and other indolent servants."

Where Red Deer Run.

THREE weeks more on a hardwood stool,
Fingering a foolish pen,
Doing the work of a drudging fool
Over and over again;
Three weeks more and then for the wild
With a friend, a dog, and a gun,
Where Nature opens her arms for her child,
And the red deer run.

Off to the woods to take my stand
In the run-ways of the deer,
My good old rifle poised in my hand,
As I strain my ears to hear;
Nothing perhaps but the wind in the trees
Moaning for loss of the sun,
Or perhaps the bay of a hound on the breeze
When red deer run.

Up goes your rifle as swift you drop down,
Branches crackle like hail;
Bang!—at a sudden streak of brown,
Nothing but legs and tail.
Perhaps you've got him—and maybe not—
Still you've had your fun;
There's more than lies in a lucky shot
Where red deer run.

Get your deer or miss your deer,
Not such a lot it means;
Still the old camp-fire gives its cheer,
Still do the gods send beans.
Sleep brings balm to your cedar bed,
Whether you've lost or won,
And fir-trees croon above your head
Where red deer run.

Only three weeks from now till then,
Twenty-one days or so;
Off to the good brown woods again
With a dog and a man I know.
There to live as God meant we should,
Far from debtor and dun,
Where things all look and smell and taste good
And red deer run.

P. O. D.

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GILBEY'S *"Chateau Loudenne" Claret—awarded two gold medals.*
GILBEY'S *London Dry Gin—the purest Dry Gin made.*
GILBEY'S *"Old Tom" Gin—the purest sweet Gin made.*
GILBEY'S *"Plymouth" Gin—unexcelled in purity and favor.*
GILBEY'S *"Strathmill" Scotch Whisky—all six years old, Pure Malt.*
GILBEY'S *"Spey Royal" Scotch Whisky—choicest and oldest procurable.*
GILBEY'S *"Fine Star" Brandy—a very old, pure grape Cognac.*
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Canada's Far North-East

WHEN the newspaper correspondents were at Sydney waiting for the return of Peary from the North Pole, it was found that there was only one vessel available to sail up the Newfoundland coast to meet the returning explorer. This was the Canadian government cable ship, the Tyrian, Captain Alexander A. Dickson in command. So this was at once put at the disposal of the reporters, who sailed away towards Battle Harbor as the guests of the Dominion. This courtesy was fully appreciated by the newspapermen from the United States, and they are yet talking, in the papers of which they were representatives on that trip, of the rare experience they were thus afforded. Here, for example, are some comments made by a New York Sun man on the Tyrian, her crew, and the sail along the Labrador coast:

Something must be told about Capt. Dickson and the men of the Government service who sail with him on the Tyrian in the task of keeping the cable strands clean and connected. A tremendous man, this Capt. Dickson, thick of neck and broad of shoulder, whom twenty years of the discipline of the sea has beaten into the shape of rugged alertness and simple thought. A Nova Scotia man is he, whose speech is that of the maritime province folk and whose education is the best that public school and nautical college can give. For fifteen years he has been in the cable service and he knows just where every bad copper bottom rots the cables between Blanc Sablon and Port Aux Basques. He is bluff of speech, ready of wit, quick in sympathy, with every man he meets.

Angus McInnes is his first officer. Like Capt. Dickson he is a Nova Scotian, and the ways of the sea have been his ways since first he learned to whittle a chew from a musty plug.

Fast friend and efficient officer under Capt. Dickson is A. B. MacDonald—he always calls himself A. B. and doesn't believe in long handles on people's names. A. B. MacDonald is the Tyrian's electrician, who does the work of raising the broken or worn cables from the ocean bottom, repairing them and dropping them once more to the depths. MacDonald is a man of broad education, whose special work makes him a seafaring man but whose wit and ready conversation smack more of cities and the crowded places ashore.

Then there is old William McConnell—Mac, he's called—the pilot. He is stooped with the burden of rheumatism and the hard life of the northern seas. He is quiet of speech and a readier listener than a narrator of his own adventures. He has sailed his own ship to strange coves in the vast Hudson Bay wilderness, and other men's ships he has threaded through the narrow channels of water in the Labrador and north Newfoundland ice. There is something of mystery in the mild blue eyes of old Mac; he seems always to be seeing out and beyond the near horizon to the silent lands.

McConnell is the man who undertook to bring down from Baffin Bay the twenty Eskimos who were exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. In his time he has also carried away from the northern lands skeletons and relics of the aboriginal peoples for installation in various museums of America and England. He used to be a fur trader in the Hudson Bay territory and there it was that he lost his ship many years ago. The way McConnell tells of having lost that ship, his sole possession, makes you think that maybe at the same time he lost something else, even that the great north cowed him for all time.

* * *

It was while the Tyrian was making the run down Sydney harbor to Red Light at the ocean gate that Capt. Dickson gave a group of correspondents a hint of what they were to see. He took his cigar from his mouth and waved in a comprehensive gesture over to the northern line of black hills.

"It's up there that you'll find the country you'll never forget. Once you see Labrador, even the bare coast of it, you'll never see another land like it, nor will you forget.

"Some people take their little yachts and go down to the Indies where the flowers and the pretty parrots grow on every tree; some go over to Europe and take a run around through castles and palaces and lands where folks have lived until they rot, but none of them come down here"—every direction north is "down" for these Nova Scotian folk—"to this Labrador land where you see nature with her clothes off—yes-sir, stripped to the buff.

"You know what it would look like to see a savage, a plain undressed savage, with his muscles sticking out like ribs of rock on his arms and thighs and the whole of him simple and unadorned. There's something fearfully powerful and kind of terrifying about such a man. Well, Labrador is just such a thing to see as that savage.

"It's bare and undressed; the rocks roll up on its mountains like the muscles in that savage's thighs. There's not a pleasant spot to look upon on the whole coast from Point Amour to Cape Chitterly—no soft flowers and sweet green things; no rolling fields and little villages. It's just bare and bleak and—terrible; that's the word, terrible.

"In Labrador you meet nature stripped to the buff and ready to do you to death if you aren't careful. That's the kind of a strong man's land that people ought to see. It's the last fringe on the tablecloth of civilization—and not much fringe at that."

* * *

It is upon the subject of Newfoundland customs that the Tyrian's officers dwelt with much florid comment. They would charge a Nova Scotian or a Quebec man for the gold in his teeth if he happened to yawn in front of a St. John's customs officer, they said. Many's the time that a customs officer has started to board the Dominion ship Dickson commands and once McConnell had to stamp with his seaboots on a customs officer's fingers when he was reaching for the rail.

"Think of the greenest farmer you've got down in New York State," was the way Capt. Dickson began to appraise the Newfoundlander, "think of him and all his eccentricities, then consider the Newfoundlander, they're not in the same class. The New York farmer could send the Newfoundlander to school for ten years and still be the wiser of the two."

As the coasts of Newfoundland began to stand out clean cut in the crystal clear atmosphere that settles down over all the land and seas north of 47, the mountains of the Anguille piled up back from the shore line like a frozen volcanic surf. They rose precipitously from the tide line, white of flank and topped with a gray mass which showed through the telescope to be apron upon apron of granite laid on the tops of the mountains like mortar on an ascending row of bricks.

For miles along the parapet of the palisades this granite mansard extends. Not a house, nor even a stone wall appears through the lenses to prove that this is not a dead land. The only relief comes in the shape of the black blanket of pines which drapes the lower slopes of the mountains.

The mountains break away in a yawning mouth that pouches the sea. This is Bay St. George, the rendezvous for all the fishers of the western Newfoundland banks. Beyond is the bluff head of Cape St. George and then more monotonous mountains, crowding close to the shore line and breaking here and there to let a river go roaring through. Through the whole length of the shore line is dreariness and solitude which seems heavy enough to thunder in a voice louder than the sea's.

* * *

Old Mac was reminded of a man he knew once when one of the Tyrian's volunteer explorers broached the subject of solitude.

'There was a fellow once who lived away down in the western end of Hudson Bay," ran Mac's tale. "He lived there winter and summer, year in and year out, with no companions except the mountaineers—them's a tribe of Indians, you know. He was a fur trader and he had collected lots of money together, but still he stayed on.

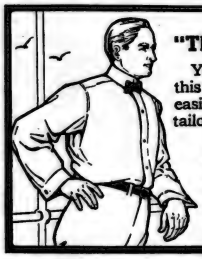
"Well, I ran my ship down to his part of the country once, that's the ship I lost down in that part, but I didn't lose it until later. I did some business with the mountaineers and was just about to start up when I got hedged in by the ice. That was in the last part of July, too. While I was waiting for the pack to break this fellow came down to my ship from them awfully cold and bleak mountains back of the bay and said he guessed he'd ought to go out.

"'McConnell,' says he, 'I think I'm losing my mind. I think so but I'm not sure and I don't want to stay here until I plumb lose it. I wish you'd take me out before I go 'way off.'

"I took that fellow out and back to Sydney, where he went to Montreal and put himself in a hospital. Before I went out of Hudson Bay the Indians told me the man I had with me was so crazy he'd shoot a man if he came to the door without beating on a dishpan he had out before the door of his house. He never wanted to be startled, you see, so everybody that went to his house had to sit down about fifty feet off and beat on the dishpan until this dotty fellow came to the door to see who it was."

NOTICE.

The Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, Canada, will close for the winter on October 8th, re-opening for 1910 season on or about May 1st.



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Sporting Comment

FOLLOWERS of the great game of polo held high carnival ...ng the recent tournament at ...dbine, when teams from Mon- and Buffalo competed with the players for the Canadian Na- Exhibition's Cup. The matches ...ell played, and fine exhibitions sport were given. What add- the general enjoyment, too, was fact that the Cup remained in ...onto, after a magnificent tussle ...r it between the local team and Buffalo. And the Toronto men de- their victory if ever a team ... for not only had they to com- ...te against a number of first-rate ...layers, but they were handicapped ...y their horses not being so well ...rained and not so experienced in the game as those of their opponents. This was probably the reason that in first part of the game the local ...ers were distinctly outclassed by ... opponents, who in the first two ...ree periods simply rode rings ...nd them. But the team soon got ...n to work, and showed that even their horses were not so nimble ...o speedy as the Buffalo ponies, ...men who rode them were better riders and played the game with a skill and accuracy which more than made up for the handicap in horses. As it was, however, the two teams were finely matched, and the issue was in doubt until the last minute of the game. The success of this game and of the tournament as a whole should give a new impetus in Toronto to the game that is called by all who follow it "the greatest game on earth." Unfortunately, there is only a small section of the public that can afford to indulge in the sport.

POLO AT WOODBINE.
An exciting moment in the game between Buffalo and Montreal. Montreal is taking the ball down the field, followed by the Buffalo players, who can be recognized by their sashes.

* * *

THE Rugby season is again on, and a number of young men who have lived peaceful lives all during the summer months, have once more an opportunity of sitting on the heads of other peaceful young men, and kicking them in the ribs, and otherwise gratifying primitive instincts. But in spite of all this—or rather, because of it—Rugby is a great game, and the general enthusiasm which is now being displayed in connection with it is sufficient proof of the hold it has on the affections of the sporting public. College presidents may fulminate against it, and call for its abolition on account of its brutality and its danger for limb and life, but all their thunders are not going to prevent husky young fellows from going out and matching their sinews and their endurance against a lot of other husky young fellows who may happen to want the same football at the same time they do. The result for all the husky young fellows concerned is apt to be a lot of splendid exercise for the time being, and in after life a wholesome contempt for hard knocks and an ability to think quick and hit hard in emergencies. And what is a broken nose or dislocated shoulder to be weighed against this?

* * *

IN spite of the fact that the Shamrocks are at present two goals ahead of the Montreal team in their contest for the championship, the chances seem decidedly favorable for the M.A.A.A. team. Even though they were beaten in their last game at the Shamrock grounds, the showing they made in the most adverse conditions gives their supporters every reason to think that if they have any luck at all on their own grounds, they will more than make up the handicap of two goals. Last Saturday the grounds were wet, and this gave every advantage to the Shamrocks, who are much heavier and much better fitted for the slower and rougher game that results from such conditions. On dry ground, however, and especially on their own field, the Montreal players are likely to display all that snap and speed which brought them up level with the leaders at the end of the championship series. The game on the M.A.A.A. grounds should settle the championship, and lacrosse enthusiasts all over the country are watching eagerly for the result. While the odds are pretty even, they seem to be just a little in favor of the Montrealers. But in lacrosse, and especially where the Shamrocks are concerned, you never can tell till the last minute of play. Those Irishmen are great finishers.

* * *

MARATHON running has fallen upon evil days. No better proof of this could be given than the slight amount of interest awakened by Hans Holmer's defeat of the redoubtable St. Yves. If this had happened a year ago all Canada would have thrown its hat into the air and roared itself hoarse, and Holmer would probably have been given the freedom of his home town, and a house and lot, and a position for life and a few such trifles, as an indication of the regard of his fellow-countrymen for his legs. But now he is just about a year too late. In Montreal the other day he ran St. Yves off his legs, and the little Frenchman after a plucky race simply dropped in his tracks. The doctors said it was some form of heart trouble. Whereupon Holmer, who was fresh as a daisy, sailed in and finished the race in record time. He thus inflicted a decisive defeat on the great Marathon champion, in whose lodge hang the scalps of so many great Marathoners, including that of the famous Onondaga brave. But nobody has shown any great enthusiasm about it. Short items in the sporting columns of newspapers stated that Hans Holmer, of Quebec, had beaten St. Yves, of France. That is about all there was to it. It is clear that Marathoning has ceased to be a profitable business.

* * *

AND now Mr. Jeffries states that he is very much hurt at the lack of consideration shown by fistic promoters in offering him the trifling sum of $55,000 to fight Mr. Jack Johnson—also known as "Li'l Artha Johnsing"—for the championship of the world. No wonder Jim was surprised and hurt. The idea of offering him only $55,000, a mere tip like that, for fully two hour's work! It might even take longer than that, though if any reliance is to be put in the hints dropped by Mr. Jeffries as to his own superb condition and his desire for vengeance, two minutes would be much more like it. It does certainly seem almost incredible that anybody could have been so heartless, so entirely lost to all sentiments of delicacy and proper consideration, as to hurt this noble big fellow's gentle heart by making such an invidious proposition. And with what noble self-restraint has the great pugilist referred to the hideous wrong done him. "I am the champion of the world," he said with simple dignity. "I have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Therefore, I don't want to fight for a purse less than $150,000." Certainly not, Jim. It may be all right to give pittances to successful authors or painters, to most of whom $55,000 would look like all the money in the world. But to a great bruiser? Perish the thought!

* * *

THE public has recently been given an interesting glimpse at the manner in which the affairs of the National Baseball Commission are managed. President Murphy, of Chicago, sent a telegram to Pitcher Pfeffer, of Toronto, asking him to go to Chicago and help out. As a result of this irregular method of procedure President Murphy has been fined $500, and the head of the National Commission has stated publicly that Murphy will pay up or get out. The chances are that Murphy will decide to pay. This is the way the affairs of a professional game should be managed. Once a sport is made a matter of business it should be conducted on strict business lines. This is done in American baseball, and that is why it is the most successful professional game on earth. There is a lesson in all this for Canadians. We have here in Canada two professional games, lacrosse and hockey, and the public has frequently been treated to all sorts of silly and undignified wrangles as a result of the endeavors of teams to get men away from one another. And in other disputes the same free-and-easy, go-as-you-please method is followed. There can be only one result to that sort of thing, and that is a loss of prestige for the game in the esteem of the public. If we must have professional lacrosse and hockey in Canada, at least let us have it well run, as they manage baseball in the States.

* * *

ENGLISH cricket-followers have been so wrought up over the result of the Australian matches, that even so serious a review as The Nation devotes many pages to an article on the cricket situation. The writer, Mr. Home Gordon, says in part:

"Never in the history of our national game has English first-class cricket undergone such a convulsion as the awakening in connection with the Test matches. For a considerable time some of us—who were called Jeremiahs, vitriolic cavillers, and so forth—had been suggesting that all was not for the best in connection with the best possible game; still the most rabid pessimist was not prepared for the disastrous "slump" in British batting. So bad were the performances to which the public were treated that it became obvious nerves even more than decadence of skill had to do with the actual poverty of result."

After pointing out what he regards as the glaring mistakes of the Selectors who were responsible for the make-up of the English teams, he goes on to say:

"The public, which pays the bill, but has no voice in the game, learnt to put no faith in Selectors who seemed to regard new cricketers as intruding on the cherished prerogatives of veterans. One might think cricket was a game at which it was impossible to attain representative honors until youth was gone, whereas the cry for youth must be the chief note of the coming cricket. We have to build up a new England side for the triple contest that is being forced upon us in 1912. Of all who have been wearing the England cap this year, only Mr. Hutchings, Hobbs, and Woolley, with possibly Sharp, Rhodes, and Blythe, will be then considered; for business will have removed that fascinating bat, Mr. Spooner, and *anno domini* will be wiser than the Selectors with the rest.

"There is, however, one tendency to which it is impossible to pay too much attention and that is the imminent danger of the professionalizing of English Test cricket. The "shamateur," who never was a sportsman, will not take the trouble to play in matches which only yield him his railway fare and hotel expenses. The real amateur will devote his leisure hours to the delights of country-house cricket, and resolutely avoid the sterness of national publicity and the grimness of the crowded arena.

PLAYFAIR.

Pop—"Cape-Cod fishermen have gone out of the whaling-business, I see."

Johnny—"Gee, paw, I wish't you wuz a Cape-Cod fisherman."—Los Angeles Express.

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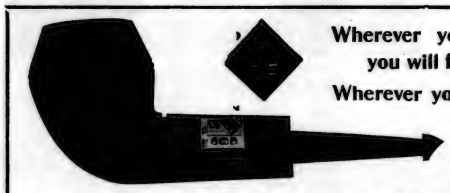

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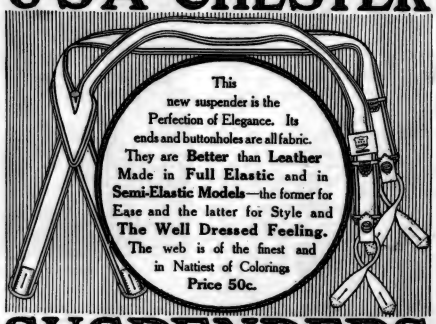

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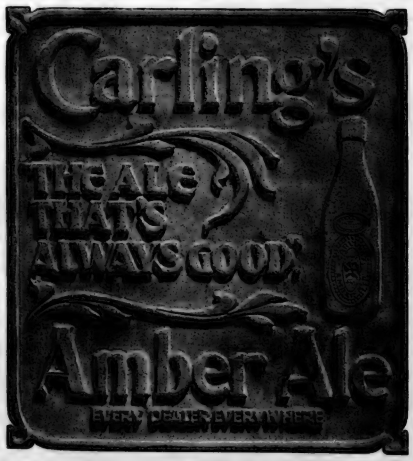

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THE DRAMA.

FRITZI SCHEFF
In "The Prima Donna" at the Princess next week.

MR. ROBERT MANTELL has been the principal dramatic attraction in Toronto this week, and as usual he has given a lengthy repertory of Shakespearean plays. The only relief from undiluted Shakespeare has been "Louis XI." As usual, Mr. Mantell has been fairly popular with a certain class of the public—the people who believe that the theatre should be visited on certain occasions as a matter of duty, and who flock in large and intensely sober numbers to productions of the type known as "heavy." These are the people who still make it possible to play Shakespeare. Even if they never turn out to anything else, they at least sit resolutely through act after act of the great playwright, whom they are apt to refer to as "the bard of Avon." All this might be interpreted as a high compliment to the bard in question and to the distinguished actor who is at present devoting his time and ability to the presentation of Shakespeare's works. But I can't help entertaining a suspicion that one reason why these people go in such numbers is because they feel that the theatre is not a pernicious institution so long as you don't enjoy yourself very much there. Their attitude is possibly somewhat akin to that of the Puritans who, according to Macaulay, detested bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. At any rate, whatever the reason, if you go to a Shakespearean production—especially those of the Ben Greet, Shakespeare-in-a-state-of-nature kind—you will see a class of people in the audience that you don't see at any other kind of theatrical performance. They are very serious, very sober, follow every word and move on the stage with a positively terrifying intensity, seem to take an altogether exalted view of the drama, and seldom or never give way to any such frivolous demonstration as hand-clapping. I don't mean to say that nobody else goes to hear William Shakespeare and Robert Mantell, but these people are in the majority. The general effect is impressive, but not exactly enlivening.

Is the time for Shakespeare past for general stage purposes? At the risk of being accused of Philistinism, I must admit that I think it has. In spite of all the marvellous wealth of the greatest plays ever written, they are too far removed in their form and language and mode of development from what the modern playgoer demands of the stage. They therefore lose a great part of their appeal. We go to see them because we think we ought to, and we are bored to death. In the study Shakespeare will always remain supreme. There the sovereign beauty of his work, his sublime poetry, his depth of passion, his unflagging versatility, his marvellous insight, all his manifold excellence can be appreciated. There the imagination is unhampered, and Shakespeare himself presents his own plays as he intended they should be presented—not hashed up in stage versions. But once the plays are actually realized on the modern stage all the charm is lost. The lines become stilted bombast, the situations strained and unnatural; we lose our sympathy with the characters, and the play, instead of being a thing of joy and interest, becomes an ordeal. There are, of course, productions of Shakespeare which can be quoted against this view of the matter—Forbes Robertson's Hamlet for instance, or Annie Russell in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream"—but on the whole, as applied to the average Shakespearean production, I think it is, unfortunately, too well exemplified.

As for Mr. Mantell, he is a skilful

MABEL WRIGHT
In "The Virginian" at the Grand next week.

and conscientious actor, endowed with a fine voice and presence, and inspired by very high ideals in his profession. He may not be a great genius, but he is a very good actor. Also he has enjoyed a very considerable measure of success in the presentation of Shakespeare—as much success, that is, as the nature of the case permits. As the doctors put it, "he is doing as well as can be expected." But, when all is said and done, has it really been worth his while to struggle against the almost insuperable difficulties in the presentation of Shakespeare, and has his artistic success been great enough to warrant the expenditure of so much time and so much energy? I'm afraid not. Mr. Mantell may have made money out of Shakespeare; but he is not an actor to be satisfied with that. In other respects, I do not think his success has been great enough to repay the unfaltering persistence, the high ideals, the industry, and the skill which he has displayed in its pursuit.

* * *

"THE WITCHING HOUR," which is once more in Toronto, is a very striking instance of the timely play. Nowadays people are greatly interested in various psychic phenomena, and Augustus Thomas took daring advantage of that fact to make such phenomena play a prominent role on the stage. The wisdom of such a course would seem to be doubtful, and that theatrical producers thought so is evident from their repeated refusals to handle his play. Finally, however, he found a man who was willing to take the risk, and the result has more than justified both playwright and producer. "The Witching Hour" has proved to be one of the big hits, and is recognized as one of the best money makers of the day. But is it a good play? I don't think so, and the reason I don't is just on account of that same psychic element, which loads up the scenes and acts as a drag on the action of what might otherwise be a good melodrama. It weakens the motives of the play, which in a melodrama should be extremely simple and natural, and no better instance of this could be given than the famous scene where the villain rushes in to shoot the hero, and pokes the end of a revolver somewhere in the neighborhood of the third button of his vest. But the psychic hero flashes on an electric light. "You can't fi-r-re that gun—" he says in tense tones, "you can't pul-l-ll that trig-g-ger—you can't even hol-l-l-ld that gun!" And, of course, the villain drops it. Now this may be good psychology, but it looks to me like mighty poor play-writing. Augustus Thomas has turned out so many rattling good melodramas that it seems too bad to see him ladling out this kind of buncombe. Still, a whole lot of people liked it—so there you are!

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Princess—Fritzi Scheff.

Royal Alexandra—"Foreign Exchange."

Grand—"The Virginian."

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Majestic—Vaudeville.

Gayety—"Follies of the Moulin Rouge."

CHARLES DILLINGHAM will present Fritzi Scheff at the Princess Theatre next week in the new Henry Blossom-Victor Herbert opera, "The Prima Donna." These same authors were also responsible for "The Red Mill" and "M'lle. Modiste," operas which Mr. Dillingham produced with great success. Madame Scheff appeared all last season in Chicago and New York in "The Prima Donna." The first act is said to be a marvel of realism, representing a *cafe chantant* in Paris. The atmosphere is said to be wonderfully reproduced. Madame Scheff, as usual, is said to have several fine songs. The cast will include John E. Hazzard, Martin Haydon, Donald Hall, W. K.

(*Concluded on page* 18.)

PERCY HASWELL
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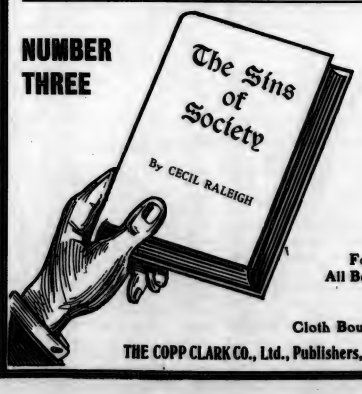

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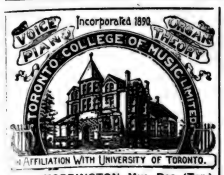

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MUSIC

THE Montreal Daily Herald of October 1 devotes the greater part of three columns to a gushing account of the proposed "Empire tour of British choristers under the direction of Dr. Chas. Harriss."

The article teems with glittering generalities, such as "the most important and unique scheme ever designed for the solidification and advancement of music." Just how Dr. Chas. is going to solidify music is not revealed. The only kind of music of the nature of a solid is architecture, which some poet proclaimed to be "frozen music." No doubt, the doctor's musical efforts will meet with the usual frost among the discerning, and the solidified ideal will be realized.

But, chaffing aside, there are certain statements in The Herald article which call loudly for correction. For instance: "In 1901, when Dr. Harriss toured Canada, organizing for this festival (Sir Alexander Mackenzie's) there were only three choruses in the whole Dominion—Torrington's Festival Chorus in Toronto, the Ottawa Choral Society, and the Orpheus Society of Halifax. There can be no gainsaying the fact that the establishment of the National Chorus in Toronto was the outcome of Dr. Harriss's efforts and of the holding of this festival. Nor is it open to question that the seven or eight choruses Toronto now possesses owe their genesis to the same influence. With the aid of local musicians, Dr. Harriss formed choruses at Moncton, St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Woodstock, Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria."

These are certainly sweeping statements. It would appear that Dr. Harriss was the father of choral music in Canada, if we are to take seriously the claims made for him by his mouthpiece in The Herald.

Now for the facts. There were certainly more than three choruses in Canada in 1901. The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto and the Toronto Male Chorus were in existence, and the People's Choral Union was formed that year. These in no sense "owe their genesis" to the Mackenzie festival. Indeed, several weeks previous to Sir Alexander's visit the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir had given a cycle of concerts in Massey Hall in conjunction with the Pittsburg Orchestra.

If Dr. Harriss thinks that his hustling in 1901 stirred up all the choral activity in Canada, it should be pointed out that prior to 1901 Toronto had, amongst other societies, enjoyed the benefit of Dr. Torrington's Philharmonic Chorus, the same conductor's Toronto Festival Chorus of 1886 and his subsequent Festival Choruses, Dr. Fisher's Toronto Choral Society, the Toronto Vocal Society under Messrs. Haslam, Buck and Schuch, the Toronto Male Chorus under Mr. Tripp, and the Mendelssohn Choir under Dr. Vogt. Hamilton's largest choral enterprises were during the early eighties when Dr. Torrington so successfully conducted the Hamilton Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra. Choral societies under Messrs. O'Brien, Aldous, C. L. M. Harris, Walter Robinson, W. H. Robinson and others had also had a very active existence prior to the advent of the Sir Alexander Mackenzie "mission" in that city. The most artistic and comprehensive undertakings in the city of Montreal were those under the direction of M. Couture and Mr. Gould, who in the programmes of the Montreal Philharmonic Society and the Montreal Mendelssohn Choir gave performances beside which the subsequent Mackenzie "mission" concerts paled into insignificance. In London, Ont., splendid choral work had been done under Mr. Pococke and Mr. Geo. Sippi and others, long prior to the Mackenzie concerts in that city; the same being true of Brantford and other places named by The Herald writer as having received their inspiration from the generally inartistic efforts which marked the concerts given by the Mackenzie-Harriss combinations throughout the country.

To pretend for a moment that the Mackenzie "festivals" contributed in any degree to the musical advancement of Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Winnipeg, and Ottawa is unmitigated rot, on a par with the statement of an English journal, after Sir Alexander's return to old London, that "now that Sir Alexander Mackenzie has given music in Canada a start, good results may be expected to follow his missionary visit to the colony."

As one Canadian writer remarked, "if the Mackenzie visit brought into existence a few young hopefuls in the form of choral societies, the rate of infant mortality amongst them must have been grievously high, for where are they now?"

To say that the seven or eight choruses Toronto now possesses owe their genesis to the Mackenzie festival is absurd. Outside of the National Chorus, only three of them—Mr. Fletcher's Advanced Chorus and his Schubert Choir, and Mr. Sherlock's Toronto Oratorio Society—were formed subsequent to the "festivals," and their conductors disclaim any inspiration from that source.

It is quite evident that in Montreal, as in Toronto, musical people are becoming very tired of Dr. Harriss' buncombe and his vainglorious exploitation of himself through his ridiculous "Imperial Musical Reciprocity" fol-de-rol. A recent issue of a leading Montreal paper, in a comprehensive leading article, indignantly protested strongly against the claims which had been advanced by local ignoramuses that the concerts of the Sheffield Choir had been a "revelation" to the people of Montreal. The writer of the article quoted the fine programmes of the old Philharmonic and the artistic unaccompanied numbers of the old Montreal Mendelssohn Choir, rendered with a refinement of style which was absolutely lacking in the ponderous efforts of Dr. Coward's well-meaning choristers when they sang in Montreal. In some country towns it is likely that the concerts of the Sheffield Choir may have been listened to with some benefit, but the same would be true were any of the better of our church choirs to appear in similar localities.

The most absurd claim made, however, is in connection with the so-called lectures of Sir Frederick Bridge throughout Canada. Just how Sir Frederick could have contributed to the musical "upbuilding" of Canada is a puzzler when, according to his own statements, he heard "perfect" choir singing at Ottawa, singing equal to many English cathedral choirs in Toronto, equally good at St. Catharines, and still better in Western Ontario. If Sir Frederick is to be taken seriously, he must have learned more about how to conduct choirs whilst in Canada than he had ever known before.

Another statement in the Montreal paper which requires correcting is that Dr. Harriss attended the Haydn centenary in Vienna "as the accredited representative of the Dominion of Canada." If we substitute the word "self-appointed" for "accredited" the statement gains in accuracy.

The purpose of the whole lengthy effusion in The Montreal Herald is doubtless to enable Dr. Charles to distribute throughout Australia copies of this paper so as to ensure for him a spectacular and triumphant reception there as the "Musical Saviour of Canada."

* * *

Isadora Duncan, the celebrated dancer to classic music, in a recent interview, tells of incidents in her career. In part she says:

"I was laughed at, discouraged and disheartened at first by this one and that, but will cherish also, some precious encouragement that gave me confidence, two notably, the remembrance of which will always be dear to me.

"In New York a great virtuoso composer, Ethelbert Novin, was, they told me, indignant to learn that I danced to some of his most beautiful pieces, written for the piano. I then decided to go and dance for him. He was moved almost to tears.

"'I saw movements similar to yours,' he said, 'in composing the music to which you have danced, and I find in seeing you my first emotion of exaltation. Surely the same spirit descended upon us both!'

"At Bayreuth, where I danced in Tannhauser, Mme. Waguer gave me extreme pleasure. Among her husbands' papers, she told me, she found a sheet containing instructions for movements conforming to the inspiration of my dance. The master, who, as we know, always saw the gestures of his creations in writing, had divined the postures with which the music naturally inspired me."

Miss Duncan, with the New York Symphony Orchestra and Walter Damrosch, comes to Massey Hall on Tuesday, October 12th. It is the most unique event of the season.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon last the Concert Hall of the Conservatory of Music was well filled with a representative audience of music lovers and organists, who listened with much interest and pleasure to an exacting programme of organ music on the fine new organ, by Mr. Richard Tattersall, the talented organist of St. Thomas' Church, who for some time was official organist to Andrew Carnegie in Glasgow. Mr. Tattersall showed himself to be an artist of exceptional ability, displaying an excellent technique and a fine sense of rhythm which ofttimes seems to be a minus quantity with so many organists. His best work was done in the magnificent Rheinberger Sonata No. 20, in F major, which was delivered with a breadth of style that betokened a thorough musicianship. The programme contained also Bach's great Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, a charming Pastorale in E by Cesar Franck, the Andantino from Eschaikowsky's 4th Symphony, in which the orchestral registration was carried out with good effect, and Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries, which the player executed with much brilliancy. This was the first of an interesting series of free organ recitals by Mr. Tattersall, the next being on Saturday, October 16th.

* * *

Saturday afternoon the pupils of Dr. F. H. Torrington gave a second of their afternoon recitals at the College Hall, when the following programme was rendered: Piano—Beethoven, (*a*) Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2; (*b*) Allegro and Andante, Healen Dalton; Mendelssohn — "Spinning Song;" Haydn—Recit. and air, "In Native Worth," (Creation), Mr. J. E. Fiddes; Meyerbeer, "Ombra leggiera" (Dinorah), Olive Casey; Arditi—"Il Baco," Bellini—"Casta Diva," Margaret Casey; Doizetti—"Ah tardai troppo," "O Luce de quest anima," Dorothy McMahon; Mendelssohn—"It is of the Lord's great mercy," (Hymn of Praise), Margaret Casey and Mr. J. E. Fiddes.

* * *

The Royal Alexandra Theatre have opened a down town ticket office at the Bell Piano Warerooms, 146 Yonge street. As this location is in the business centre it will be particularly convenient for those frequenting the shopping district. Arrangements for concert plans can also be made at the same office.

* * *

The vocal performances of Master Leonard Kempster Smith, a lad of eight years of age, are very highly spoken of. Master Smith, who is a pupil of E. M. Robinson of the Apollo School of Music, sang at the morning and evening services of Erskine Presbyterian Church on Sunday, September 26.

* * *

The concert of Geneveve Clark Wilson at the Conservatory Music Hall, on Wednesday evening presented a singer so thoroughly equipped and finished in the art of song as to call for more than ordinary notice. Mrs. Wilson sang a programme of nineteen numbers of most diversified styles, ranging from oratorio and operatic arias to ballads and modern songs, and in all of these she displayed a superb command of the vocal art. Gifted with a charming personality, a splendid soprano voice, and rare emotional and interpretative powers, this artist is a very signal addition to Toronto's professional musicians. In a clever little speech, Mrs. Wilson informed the audience that she was suffering from so severe a cold that her pianissimos would probably amount to silences, but despite the manifest reality of her temporary affliction she sang beautifully. "Hymn au Soliel," by Georges; Aria from "Madame Butterfly," by Puccini; "Lenz," by Hildach; "Ein Traum," by Grieg; "Woodland Croon Song," by Clutsam, were some of the most striking numbers. Mr. F. Arthur Oliver was an unobtrusive and sympathetic accompanist.

Arpeggio.

The class at Heidelberg was studying English conjugations and each verb considered was used in a model sentence, so that the students would gain the benefit of pronouncing the connected series of words, as well as learning the varying forms of the verb. This morning it was the verb "to have" in the sentence "I have a gold mine."

Herr Schmitz was called to his feet by Prof. Wulff.

"Gonjugate 'do haff' in der sentence, 'I haff a golt mine," the professor ordered.

Herr Schmitz proceeded:

"I haff a golt mine, du hast a golt dein, he hass a golt hiss. Ve, you or dey haff a golt ours, yours or deirs, as de case may be."—Everybody's Magazine.

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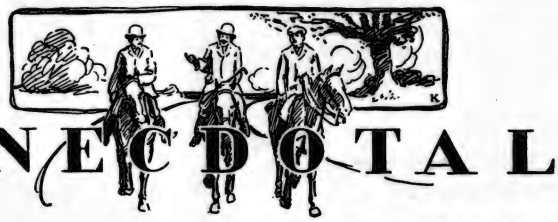

ANECDOTAL

AN Englishman having business in a certain Danish town arrived at the railway station. He inquired of a group of men standing near the way to the house he wanted, whereupon one of them offered to go with him and show him. With recollections of what such a service meant in England, he said, "I don't want a guide."

"But surely you asked us to show you the way," said one of them.

"Yes, but I don't want a guide."

"My dear sir, I am not a guide; I am the bishop."

* * *

THE depot of a certain little Southern town is about a mile from the business part of the town. One night a sleepy, weary travelling man said to the darky who was driving him to the hotel:

"Old man, why in the name of Heaven did they put this depot so far from town?"

The darky scratched his head in thought, and replied:

"Waal, boss, I's fo'ced to admit dat I hasn't give de matter s'ficient cogitation, but jes' jumped up fer a answer like dis, I s'pose dey done dat so as to have de depot as near as possible to de railroad."

* * *

A WOMAN who lives in an apartment house changed her ice man not long ago, and the next day the youth who drove the team for the new man put the piece of ice on the dumbwaiter in the basement to be hoisted up. She pulled away.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "That new ice man certainly gives good weight!"

After much effort, she got the dumbwaiter up to the kitchen level. To her amazement, there was a small boy sitting upon the ice. With what breath she had left, she demanded:

"What in the world did you make me pull you up here for?"

"Why," replied the youngster, "I thought maybe the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so I came up to help you off with it."

* * *

HERE is the story of a small boy, a mother and a barrel of apples, and a moral which does not have to be told in words:

The windows of an orphan asylum overlooked the back yard of the house where the boy, the barrel of apples and the boy's mother lived. Now, the apples that were in the barrel disappeared at a famous rate, and the mother, being a knowing woman as a matter of course, made inquiry of her son. Yes, he had eaten the apples; but, "Mamma," he said, "I have to; the orphans want so many cores."

* * *

THERE is a clerk in the executive offices of the State of Minnesota who, by reason of his Scandinavian extraction, entertained an almost idolatrous admiration of the late Governor Johnson.

Not long ago a dictionary in the office, being much in need of repair, was sent to a bindery. When it was returned the clerk mentioned unwrapped the volume and was about to place it in its accustomed rack. A glance at the lettering on the cover produced in him a righteous indignation.

"Look here!" he exclaimed to a fellow-clerk. "This is the grossest disrespect! The binder hasn't put anything on the cover but 'Johnson's Dictionary.' I'll send it back, and make him inscribe it 'Property of His Excellency, John Johnson, Governor of Minnesota.'"

* * *

ONE afternoon recently Francis Wilson was sipping lime juice with several brethren of the buskin, when John Drew sauntered up to the group.

"Hello, Wilson," he smiled, "here you are again with your little coterie."

"Yes," returned Wilson, smoothing his vest, "and with my little vestry and pantry too."

* * *

A RECEPTION was given by the Medical Club in Philadelphia in honor of Sir Lauder Brunton, a noted English physician, and in course of the evening he was engaged in a discussion of nervous ill temper. After he had described the beneficial effects of various drugs upon nervous ill tempers, he said:

"I remember a middle-aged woman of most nervous disposition who told me with tears in her eyes how she had once said to her husband:

"John, I know I am cross at times.

IN THE ROUGH.
Interested wayfarer: "Lost yer ball, governor?"
The Professor: "No; I've lost my bag."—The Tatler.

I know that you find me unkind often. Sometimes perhaps you think I do not love you. But, John, remember, when such unhappy thoughts assail you, that if I had my life to live over again, I'd marry you just the same."

"I'm not so sure of that," John replied, shortly.

* * *

A COLORED preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation.

"Breddern an' sistern, Ah warns yo' against de heinous sin o' shootin' craps! Ah charges yo' against de brack rascality o' liftin' pullets! But, above all else, breddern and sistern, Ah demonishes yo' at dishyer season against de crime o' melon stealin'!"

A brother in the back seat made an odd sound with his lips, rose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look.

"Whuffo, mah frien'," said the preacher sternly, "does yo' r'ar up an' snap yo' fingahs when Ah speaks o' melon stealin'?"

"Yo' jes' reminds me, pahson," the man in the back seat answered meekly, "whar Ah lef' mah knife."

* * *

TO the leader of a certain rural military band jocularly spoken of in that locality as "the worst ever," there once came a man with a request that the band play at a cousin's funeral.

"Is it a military funeral?" asked the leader.

"Not at all," was the reply. "My cousin was no military man—in fact, he was never even interested in matters military. Nevertheless, it was his express wish that your band should play at his funeral."

The leader was surprised and flattered. "Is that so?" he asked.

"Yes," responded the other. "He said he wanted everybody in the county to be sorry that he died."

* * *

IT was his first morning in London "apartments," and his landlady came up with the breakfast, and as he began the meal she opened a slight conversation.

"It looks like rain," she said.

"It does," replied the American, "but it smells rather like coffee."

* * *

SCHOOL children in Greater New York were required some time since to bring their teachers vaccination and birth certificates. Frequent forgetfulness made one teacher impatient, and word went out that the certificates *must* be there on a certain morning. On that day an anxious little girl raised her hand the moment school opened, and, on being told to speak, said tremblingly:

"Please, teacher, don't get mad at me. I've forgot my excuse for being born."

* * *

IN a police court the other day a woman of uncertain age appeared in the witness box.

"How old are you, madam?" asked the cross-examining lawyer. The woman blushed deeply, and stammering blurted out:

"I—I," and stopped short.

The attorney looked guilty. "Please, madam, quickly," he urged in a gentle, kindly voice, "it's getting worse every minute, you know."

* * *

THE teacher was giving her class their first lesson in fractions. An object lesson seemed to be desirable.

"Mary McCauley," she said, "if there was a mince pie on your dinner table, and your mother asked you if you would have a third or a fourth, what would you say?"

"A fourth," said Mary.

Some of the children tittered, and the teacher asked, "Why would you have a fourth?"

"Cause," said Mary, "I don't like mince pie."

* * *

WHILE Governor of Tennessee, Senator Robert L. Taylor was once approached by an old negro woman, who asked a pardon for her husband, sent to the penitentiary for stealing a hog.

"How long has he been in jail?" was asked.

"Goin' on two years now," came the answer, "but, law, he ain't no good to them and wa'n't no good to me nohow, an' I speck they'll be glad to get rid o' him."

"Why do you want to get him out if he was of no use to you?"

"To tell the truth, guv'ner, we done gettin' short o' meat."

* * *

A VETERAN player tells this story of a baseball game once played between the married men and the bachelors of his home town.

A man named Flood came to the bat. The pitcher put over a straight one and Flood knocked the ball over the fence.

Instead of starting for the first base Flood braced himself and stood stock still.

"Run, you idiot!" screamed the spectators. "Run! Why in blazes don't you run?"

"Run?" calmly queried Flood. "What would I run for? I've got two more clouts at it."

* * *

MR. DICKSON, a colored barber in a New England town, was shaving one of his customers one evening, when the following conversation occurred respecting Mr. Dickson's connection with the colored church in the place:

"I believe you are a member of the church in Elm street," said the customer.

"No, sah; not at all."

"Why are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson. "It was jus' like dis: I jined dat ar church in good faith; I give $10 to de preachin' uv de gospel, an' de people call me 'Brudder Dickson.' De second year I only gib $5, an' de church people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Well, sah, de third year I gibs nothin' to de preachin', an' after dat dey jes call me 'ol' nigger Dickson,' an' I quit 'em."

* * *

"WHAT a beautiful little baby he is!" exclaimed the neighbor who had called.

"He isn't six months old yet, either," said the proud young mother, "and he weighs over twenty pounds."

"What have you named him?"

"Well," hesitated the mother, "Henry and I differed a little about that. He wanted to give him one name, and I wanted to give him another; but we finally compromised, and agreed to call him John Wesley."

"I see; you named him after the great founder of Meth——"

"No, indeed," quickly interrupted the mother. "That name, as I said, is a compromise."

"But how?"

"The 'John' if for John Calvin, and the 'Wesley' is for John Wesley."

"Oh, I see."

Ethel (finding the sermon tedious, and thinking it high time for the collection): "Oh, mother, do pay the man and let's go home."—Punch.

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FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

Column

THE perfection of good manners is summed up in a line, incorporated in the instructions given by a wise and practical apostle in early Christian times. "In honor preferring one another" run the five little words. The attitude of gentle deference, appreciation and absolute omission of self assertion when in conflict with the advancement of another, is a rare and so beautiful that while scarcely ever achieved without constant watchfulness and discipline, it is amply worth all it costs. There are dozens of sidelights upon it. "The strongest is the one who is ready to renounce"; "Universal brotherhood of love"; even the absurd "After you, my dear Alphonse" breathe the different views of the great apostle's little maxims. It is the mind of the man and woman unconcerned about petty details of precedence, prominence, display, intellectual or otherwise, the mind of the rare and precious being born to love and be loved with a tenderness deserved and fitting. That it is "ideal," as some folk call it with ever so slight a suspicion of a sneer, recommends it to any soul with marching orders. We may not attain our ideal good manners in this world of grasp and grab and vulgarity, but we shall be all the better ladies and gentlemen if we keep the ideal clear and constant in our view. And in the striving and determination to get at all events near to it, we shall evolve a most lovable personality.

❧

Most of us are so built that anticipation is the best part of our lives. What he or she shall do at some future time brightens the dreams and waking thoughts of most boys and girls. When he is older—when she is "out"—they will find diamonds on the street car tracks, and pick immortal flowers off the asphalt. As that dream time comes, he finds there are no flowers; she has discovered no diamonds, but never mind! She will meet the prince; he will strike it rich in art, profession or business, and they still look forward! By and by one meets him and her, time-worn, weary of mirage and castle in the air, in a bored and sodden middle age. If one asks them whether there is no more anticipation, one meets a sigh and a shrug and if words come they are often keen and bitter. It is queer that their works run down so early, that with all eternity to dream of they should have become tired of dreaming, that with possibilities to which their past is as dust and ashes, they should be averse to interest themselves further. Look out upon the disappointed men and women one knows, for whom dreaming is at an end. That's just why they are morose, suicidal and miserable in their own and others' sight. They have stopped anticipating, have given up dreams. And why, in the name of all happiness? There are dreams ahead, but they don't see them, and if you try to point them out, you find barring out all brightness and beauty the great wall called death, spoken of with a shudder or angrily dismissed from conversation. The one who has ceased to dream abhors the mention of death, that gateway to the biggest and most alluring, inspiring, fascinating dream of all; beyond it he sees nothing and should you expatiate he cries "What do you know of a beyond?" As if that mattered! What did he know of life when he dreamed? When one knows, one ceases to dream. It's the want of knowledge dreams are made of, and the less we know the better we dream! That great dream of what awaits us beyond the barrier makes the barrier itself of its true proportions, an incident in our progress, of which we have carefully made a horror and a bugbear all our days. When I see the death of a small baby, a little unafraid child, and then come up against some man or woman trembling and cringing before the passing from here to there, I am ashamed of what perverse humanity can achieve to its own undoing. If the dream had only entered into their being long ago and been cherished and delighted in as other dreams were, the dream of that vast future, vague, mysterious (and allowably awful from those qualities) but never perilous or destructive, if they had allowed themselves to wonder and meditate and build glorious fancies of the vaster future as they did of their mortal span, it seems to me fear would be banished forever. Christianity is a lovely phase of this dreaming, and see how it casts out the fear of death. A woman I know is dying, and she tells me honestly, with courage in her eyes, that she is full of wonder, anticipation, speculation and interest in what will come to her in the near future. We talk over these things, but without many words, only she is not afraid.

❧

A letter has reached me from a person who is very much opposed to military church parades. This sort of carping makes me tired. We are annoyed by yaps and whines from Sabbatarians, and have been ever since the days of Galilee; really some one has said truly that from a little pipe one cannot expect a trumpet call. One would think that anybody so fussy over the Sabbath as my correspondent would be glad to see the soldiers herded up for church and a sermon twice a year. She (or he, it may be a hen-man) is worried over the gaudy display. Well, I'd know better how to take up that part of it if I could see what sort of hat she wears. (I really think it is a woman.) To me, the Sunday church parade of our soldiers is an inspiring and welcome sight. It may or may not do them good, but it delights me, in many different ways, and judging by the vast crowds who endorse the parade, it agrees with a good many. It's not an ethical question, anyhow, but just an excuse to be busy by a holy lot of fussers who, goodness knows, haven't much evil to fight, judging by the objects they choose for their condemnation. The letter doesn't contain one nice, kind, tolerant or brotherly sentiment, so into the W. P. B. it goes.

Lady Gay.

The Plant of the North.

QUOTH the north pole: "Though recoiling
From publicity, I fear
I shall simply have to bear it
In the papers to appear.

"Though my shy, retiring nature
Shrinks from interviews and scenes,
Yet I think that I can stand it
To appear in magazines.

"Though my bashful disposition
Makes me hide from every look,
I shall manage to endure it
While I figure in a book.

"Though adverse to advertising
As a thing that is accurst,
I shall somehow worry through it
While the poets do their worst.

"All these things I can put up with,
But I fondly hope and pray
That I may not be exploited
In a novel or a play."

—McLandburgh Wilson, in The New York Sun.

The Confidential School.

WHAT may be termed the confidential school of literature has recently risen, and now holds undisputed sway over the British Isles at least.

The idea was first promulgated by one Arthur Christopher Benson, who is a son of the late primate of England, and more important still, a brother of the author of "Dodo."

The idea is simplicity itself. It consists in taking the reader into your confidence, getting him into a corner and telling him all of the things that you both have known for a long time were true, but which no one has ever thought before could be made into salable literature.

Once you have the idea, and once you get started right, there is no limit to the thing. You run on guilelessly, and the more guilelessly you can run, the more times you will win at the game. Naturally all criticism is at once disarmed. You have admitted everything at the start, and there is absolutely nothing to criticise you for.

Mr. Benson must have chuckled to himself when he discovered this new vein, knowing that he had a good start, and that it would take the others some time to catch up to him. And, if he thought this, he was right. For two or three years now, he has published one book after another, alone in the field. He had the prime advantage of having been brought up in a social-intellectual-ecclesiastical atmosphere, where there has been more or less of an established dogma. All he had to do was to speak out loud what everybody had been secretly thinking.

Then came along one Gilbert Chesterton, and went Benson one better. Chesterton stirred in the paradox to his mixture, and caught the trick of twisting the simplest thing around so that you could see the opposite side. It seemed to require audacity to do this, but the audacity was only apparent. Both Benson and Chesterton knew enough to know that you can say anything you want to the most stupid and conventional public in the world, provided you can snap your words every time so that you will get a report.

And now comes along Mr. H. G. Wells, who does the thing even better than his predecessors.

Mr. Wells proceeds to lay bare his soul and to uncover the things that we have hitherto been whispering. He doesn't encroach upon Benson or Chesterton. Why should he? In this new literary vehicle there is room for all.

Here is one thing that Mr. Wells says:

> I do not believe I have any personal immortality. . . . My idea of the unknown scheme is of something so wide and deep that I cannot conceive it encumbered by my egotism perpetually. . . . Immortality would distress and perplex me. If I may put this in mixture of theological and social language, I cannot believe in a God who is always going about with me.

This reminds us (if we may be so intimate and confidential as to use such a time-honored phrase) of the story of the little girl who inquired of her mother if God was everywhere, and when her mother assured her that He was and asked the usual "Why?" replied that she didn't want Him tagging around after her all the time.—Life.

A well-known attorney of this city had a client whose case presented a mass of technicalities, of which his lawyer took every possible advantage. Before the final argument and handing down of opinion, however, the client was forced to take a journey of some hundreds of miles and was compelled to be absent for several weeks. He arranged with his attorney to flash him by telegraph the result of the trial of his case, but told him to so word his telegram that the addressee alone would comprehend its import.

The result was the awarding of a verdict in favor of the litigant in question, and his delighted counsel sent him the following message:

"Justice and truth have triumphed."

What was the amazement at receiving a few hours later a telegram from his client which said:

"Yours received. Hard luck. Appeal immediately." — Philadelphia Times.

A love-smitten youth, who was studying the approved methods of proposal, asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought a young man should propose to a girl on his knees. "If he doesn't," replied his friend, "the girl should get off."—Everybody's Magazine.

"Your're a bum driver," says one chauffeur. "Say," says the other, "what I know about automobiles would fill a library." "Yes, and what you don't know about 'em would fill a morgue!"—Boston Transcript.

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In Glassware you will find complete services in many designs, all very choice and new, including the new shapes for champagne, grapefruit, etc. Our collection of Decanters, Vases, Water Bottles, etc., is one of the finest in Canada, and you will be sure to find just what you require, and at very low prices.

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Father—Now, look here, you girls—when you grow up one of you must be able to speak French and the other German. Grenda—All right, dad; and Muriel had better learn German, because she can gargle best.—Punch

THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page 14.*)

Harcourt, Katherine Stewart and many others.

* * *

For the Royal Alexandra next week "Foreign Exchange," the third of the Tarkington-Wilson plays to be mounted by Liebler and Company, is the announcement. Like "The Man from Home," "Foreign Exchange" takes for its theme international marriage; but this time the authors have not looked upon the question from the satirist's point of view, seeing chiefly the folly and the pathos therein, but have been tempted by the dramatic possibilities of the subject to see a good deal of its tragedy. From a purely dramatic standpoint, "Foreign Exchange" is the most ambitious work these authors have as yet undertaken in their short but notable career as collaborating playwrights. From preliminary statements, one gathers that in it the keen relish for romance displayed in "Cameo Kirby" and the clever technique and entertaining qualities that made "The Man from Home" so phenomenal a success will not be found wanting, though the new play's main reliance is on a backbone of sterner stuff than that which marked the former two. In refraining from constructing this play to suit any one particular star, the authors have introduced a group of characters so strong as to make possible one of the best casts that have been seen here in recent years. The role of the unfortunate American girl, whose happiness has been jeopardized by an unwise international alliance, has been entrusted to Miss Percy Haswell. The part of her father will be played by the veteran E. M. Holland; while Vincent Serrano will undertake that of her American admirer. Jeffreys Lewis and Henry Bergman are also members of the cast. The staging of the play is said to be excellent.

* * *

Carter De Haven, the young musical comedy star who has made an enviable reputation for himself, will head the bill at Shea's Theatre next week. Other important acts included in the big bill are: Louis A. Simon and Grace Gardner, presenting the one-act comedy, "The New Coachman;" Paul Quinn and Joe Mitchell in "The Lemon City Land Agent;" the Heim children, the foremost of juvenile comedians; Myrtle Byrne, the famous rifle shot; Mareena, Nevara, and Mareena, comedy acrobats; and the kinetograph with all new pictures.

* * *

Joe Weber and his Travesty Company in "The Merry Widow and the Devil," will be the attraction at the Princess on October 18th for the week. George V. Hobart has provided a very amusing libretto for Mr. Weber and his company, which includes, besides himself, Helen Redmond, Frank Mayne, Charles Stine, Oscar Ragland, Marise Naughton, Hazel Tupper and the usual Weber chorus. The travesty, which is in three acts, closely follows the original productions of "The Merry Widow" and "The Devil." The first act shows the studio of Karl Mahler, an artist, the second act shows the garden at Fonia's residence, and the third act the Cafe Maxim. There are sixteen musical numbers, all of them following closely Franz Lehar's compositions.

* * *

Owen Wister's "The Virginian" has proved to be one of the most popular melodramas of Western life, just as the book from which the drama was made was one of the most widely read of Western romances. It has been seen in Toronto before, and next week it is to be seen here once again, as it will play at the Grand all next week. The company is said to be a good one, including William L. Gibson in the title role, and Marshall Farnum, brother of Dustin Farnum, as Trampas.

* * *

Among the specialties to be presented at the Majestic Music Hall next week are the following acts: The Seven Perezoffs, novelty act; the Boldens, colored entertainers; the Marco Twins; Cartmell and Harris, in "Nearly an Actress;" Josephine Davis, the winsome ingenue; Von Huff, the comedian; Allan Shaw, the man of mystery, and Gardner and Stoddard in vaudeville frivolities.

* * *

Next week the Burlesque Producing Company present the "Follies of the Moulin Rouge," with "Night Life in Paris and New York," at the Gayety Theatre. That attraction, headed by Charles Howard, is the closest approach to a Broadway hodge-podge ever offered in this city. La Estelita, the Spanish beauty, assisted by Signor Garcia, in frivolous and eccentric dances; Dorothy Hayden is the particular scarecrow girl; the Eight English Roses, and Powder and Chapman are in the olio.

First Nighter.

Miss Houston, of Niagara Falls, was in town for the Kerr-Cassels wedding last week.

SOCIETY

At half past two on Wednesday, one of the loveliest days that ever strayed from summer into fall, the marriage of Dr. Ernest Malan Henderson, of Rosedale, and Miss Mary Catherine Clarkson was celebrated in the Church of the Redeemer, Rev. C. J. James officiating. The chancel was decorated with palms and roses, and the choir rendered a full choral service. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and looked very graceful and pretty in a simply made white satin *robe des noces* with a long train, and dainty lace, a crown of orange blossoms and a large tulle veil worn off the face, and edged with satin stripes, a smart and effective finish. The bouquet was of lily-of-the-valley and roses in a shower effect. The bridesmaids were Miss Clarkson and Miss Helen Clarkson, sisters of the bride, Miss Henderson, the groom's sister, Miss Effie Woods and Miss Agnes Carpmael. They wore turquoise frocks of dainty design and large black hats with plumes, and a rose on the right side. Their bouquets were of pink roses. The best man was Dr. Velyien Henderson, brother of the groom, and the ushers were Dr. Fletcher McPhedran, Mr. Guy Clarkson, Mr. Alexander Davidson and Dr. George Strathy. The reception given by Mrs. Clarkson, at 71 Avenue road, was very largely attended and the wedding gifts arranged in two rooms were greatly admired and were of the usual beautiful and varied description. The bride's cake was set in the drawingroom and cut by the bride, whose health was proposed by Rev. C. J. James, and responded to by the bridegroom in the best speech of the week. The dejeuner was very nicely served and the guests who were obliged to leave to attend the other bridal reception did so with much regret at losing the last glimpse of the happy bride and groom, as they left for their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a castor grey suit and hat. Dr. and Mrs. Henderson will reside at 27 Major street on their return from their bridal trip which is to be spent in the States.

A marriage has been arranged between Miss Gwyneth Tudor Wallace Tate, daughter of Mrs. Francis James Tate, of "Harborne," Lakefield, and Mr. Alfred George Tully Le Fevre, C.E., F.R.G.S., of Darranquilla, U. S. of Columbia, South America. The wedding is to take place in Lakefield on Wednesday, November 3rd. Mr. Le Fevre was formerly of Lakefield.

Mrs. Wm. F. Sparling (formerly Miss Ethel Blachford) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday afternoon and evening, October 14th, at her home, 132 Glen road, Rosedale, and afterwards on the first Monday and Tuesday of each month.

The dinner given at Llawhaden on Tuesday evening, by Hon. Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones for their son-in-law and daughter, Rev. and Mrs. Crawford Brown, was a very successsful event, and the well-known hospitality of the host and hostess was at its best, when for the first time the daughter of the house was its guest. The dinner was given in the sun-room, where an oval table was built around the illuminated fountain and decorated with Madame Cusin (pink) roses and lily-of-the-valley. The hostess wore a beautiful black lace gown with Oriental touches of embroidery, and Mrs. Crawford Brown wore her wedding dress of white with silver embroideries, minus the splendid court train, and looked very handsome, despite a tiresome cold. The guests invited to meet the young couple were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweeny, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, Judge and Mrs. Anglin, General and Mrs. Cotton, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Phippen, Major Michie, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. Macfee, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Mackelcan.

The death of sweet little Eleanor McDowall Thomson, on Wednesday, at her home, 129 Lowther avenue, was not unexpected, as she had been for a long time in a delicate state of health. The little girl was beloved by all who knew her and much sympathy is with her mother, Mrs. H. H. O'Flynn, who was devoted to her.

Captain and Mrs. Reginald Pellatt returned home a few days ago from a delightful trip to London and Paris, and were among the happy young folk at the Allan-Morrison wedding.

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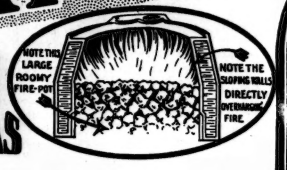

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AUCTIONEER

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

WILKINS—In Toronto, on October 4, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. N. Brock Wilkins, 119 Bernard avenue—a daughter.

WALKER—On Sept. 30, 1909, the wife of James Walker, of the Imperial Bank of Canada, Kenora, a son.

EATON—On Monday, Oct. 4, 1909, at 121 Walmer road, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Eaton, a son.

DYMENT—At Barrie, Ont., on Thursday, September 30, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Dyment, a daughter.

WORTS—At 441 Avenue road, Oct. 6, 1909, the wife of James G. Worts, a son.

MARRIAGES.

MACKAY—SMITH—On October 4, James Drummond Mackay, to Clara, second daughter of the late James E. Smith.

ROBERTSON—MACLURE—On Oct. 4, Clement Edward Robertson, to Bithia Eleanora Maclure.

DEATHS.

BOYLE—At Saranac Lake, N.Y., on Tuesday, October 5, 1909, John Alexander Boyle.

SHERLOCK—On October 6, 1909, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. J. J. Evans, 25 Howland avenue, Rev. Benjamin Sherlock, in his 78 year.

LEE—At Toronto, on Monday, Oct. 4, 1909, Joseph R. Lee, in his 65th year. Funeral private.

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Society at the Capital

IN accordance with a very charming custom in force in the Capital, the attention of a large number of the young people has recently been especially concentrated in the entertainment of a popular prospective bride, whose nuptials will be the chief fashionable event of the present week. Miss Katherine Moore, whose marriage to Mr. Edwin Force takes place on Wednesday, and who has always been a particular favorite among her companions, has been having a very busy time during the past week. On Wednesday a very jolly luncheon was given for her by Mrs. Thomas Ahearn, when those invited to meet her were Miss Elinor Girouard, Miss Irene Bate, Miss Claire McCullough, Miss Morna Bate, Miss Madge Morse and Miss Rose Fleck. Appropriate decorations of white roses and carnation were artistically arranged with maiden hair ferns and a most dainty menu was provided. Mrs. Alex. Hill gave all Miss Moore's young friends, as well as a number of the younger matrons, another opportunity of having a chat with her before her departure from their midst, by inviting them to tea on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Hamnett Hill presided over the pretty flower bedecked tea-table and Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick assisted her. The Country Club was the scene of the next gathering in honor of Miss Moore, when on Friday Miss Lilias Ahearn was the pretty young hostess of a luncheon and sixteen of the honored guest's special friends and companions met to wish her all the good things possible in her future life. They included Mrs. Godfrey Green, Mrs. Hamnett Hill, the Misses Morna and Claudia Bate and their visitor Miss Kelly of Winnipeg, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Claire Oliver, Miss Katherine Christie, Miss Norah Lewis, Miss Lily McGee, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick and Miss Gladys Moore, the younger sister of the bride-elect. A particularly lovely centrepiece of pink roses and lily of the valley arranged in a long, narrow basket occupied the almost entire length of the table and each guest received a dainty little nosegay of the same fragrant blossoms.

Mrs. Hamnett Hill has invited all the bright young girls of the Capital to meet the bride-elect on Monday afternoon at the tea-hour, when a gift shower will lend additional interest to the gathering. Miss Moore's attendants on Wednesday will be Miss Gladys Moore, her sister, who will be maid of honor; Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Claudia Bate and Miss Edith Fielding, who will make a very attractive trio of bridesmaids. Mr. Louis White will be the best man, and those who will do duty as ushers are Mr. Ainslie Greene, Mr. Fred White, Mr. Ivan McSloy of St. Catharines and Mr. Arthur Moore. Miss Norah Lewis, another of this month's prospective brides, will receive a large share of attention this week prior to her marriage on the 13th. Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber has sent out invitations for a luncheon in her honor on Tuesday and on Wednesday immediately after Miss Moore's wedding Miss Elinor Girouard has invited the greater number of the wedding guests to a tea at which Miss Lewis will be the honored guest.

Several most charming visitors have been in Ottawa recently, among them Mr. Claude Cayley and his daughter, Miss Adelaide Cayley, of London, England, who spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer at Rockcliffe, and in whose honor Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gill entertained at dinner at the Country Club on Thursday evening. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer, Mrs. Vidal, Miss Muriel Burrowes, Captain Newton and Mr. Edward C. Grant. Mr. and Miss Cayley left on Friday for New York and Boston.

Miss A. D. Cunninghame, of Edinburgh, Scotland, is at present the guest of Mrs. J. A. Gemmill, en route to her home after a visit of several months in the North-West. Miss Gladys Edwards, of Toronto, who has been with Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier for several weeks, will remain in town until Christmas. Mrs. Chester, of Hartford, is with her daughter, Mrs. A. G. Parker, wife of the Manager of the Bank of Montreal, and in her honor Mrs. O. G. Lambert, of New Edinburgh, entertained at a delightful little tea on Monday, when Mrs. Parker, who possesses a very sweet voice, sang some most charming solos. Madame Turgeon, of Quebec, is the guest of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier. Mrs. Fulford, of Brockville, and also Rev. Crawford and Mrs. Browne, of Toronto, spent a few days last week with the Premier and his wife. Mrs. Harriss, of Montreal, and her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Brice, are spending a fortnight with Dr. C. A. E. Harris (son of the former) and Mrs. Harris at Earnescliffe. Mrs. Jack Carling, of London, is at present with her sister, Mrs. Vidal, and will remain in the Capital for about a month. Mrs. and Miss Helen Van Dusen, of New York, who have been spending the summer travelling abroad, have been staying with Mrs. Fred Hogg, Mrs. Van Dusen's daughter, since their return about ten days ago, and on Friday Mrs. Hogg entertained at the tea-hour in their honor, when Mrs. Alex. Hill did the honors at the tea-table. The visitors expect to return to New York on Tuesday and will be accompanied by Mrs. Hogg, who will pay her parents a short visit. Mrs. Adolphe Caron also entertained for Mrs. and Miss Van Dusen on Thursday at the tea-hour.

His Excellency Lord Grey will attend the formal opening of the Ottawa Hunt Club on the 30th October, when the event of chief interest will be a "point to point" race for a beautiful cup presented by His Excellency, in which members of the various Hunt Clubs from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton and Quebec will compete. A reception in the handsome new Club House on the Bowesville Road will follow and on the same evening a Hunt Club Ball at Government House will be a very welcome attraction.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Oct. 4, 1909.

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"Oh, mum! Please don't be after havin' Mister Latham's keyhole stopped up. Him bein' so deaf, it's the only way I'm havin' to tell whether he's undressed before I go into his room."—Life.

The coroner was investigating the cause of the railroad accident, and the engineer was asked why he did not blow his whistle, when a bystander, in an aside, said: "Because he wet it."—Catholic Abstainer.

THE CASE OF MARY JANE.

What Became of Her Home After She Married the Broker.

Before Mary Jane was married the house was full of music, for Mary Jane had "taken piano" for several years, and could play exceedingly well. Through her knowledge of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin, the musical taste of the family had been raised, and even father began to suspect that "rag-time" as a form of art had possibly been overrated. But Mary Jane left home to comfort and take care of a broker and father and mother were very lonely. Two or three times a month the bride came home for a few hours but save for those occasions, the piano was silent. Neither father or mother played, though both had an excellent taste and a good appreciation. There are thousands of homes like this one where a Gourlay-Angelus is a vital need. The Angelus was the first pneumatic piano-player and still remains the best. Its advantages rest in the fact that the "touch" can be graduated from a velvet softness to a stormy fortissimi. Every change in volume or in time can be made instantaneously, merely by the downward pressure of the finger. The Angelus is a virtuoso pianistpianist in all the but the brains. Technically, it is perfect, the operator supplies the temperament. When such an ideal player is supplied as an interior part of the splendid Gourlay Piano, the combination is deserving of special attention. It is more than a pleasing device, it is an artistic combination, free from all the bald mechanical strumming which the ordinary player-pianos provide. The Gourlay-Angelus is worthy of an examination by the most exacting musician as well as by the ordinary business man whose musical taste is better than his fingering and his wrist action.

Confidence Man—Why, how do you do, Mr. Wilson. I met you last ——. Westerner—See here, young fellow, my name ain't Wilson. My name's John Jones alias Pete Rodney, alias Jim Hall, alias Joe Peters. So you better move on.—Western Times.

(Mrs. Bleecker (upstairs)—Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor as I told you? The New Domestic Jewel—Yis, mum; can't yez smell it?—Christian Advocate.

The Tailor—"I can't make you another suit until you pay for the last."

The Customer—"Great Scott! I can't wait that long."—Brooklyn Life.

Bill, the Plotter

(*Continued from page 9.*)

dren, besieged in garrison by a hundred or more agency-fed redskins, who had obviously succeeded in heading off couriers going toward the military posts, and proposed to starve us out. And we were in a sad way. There was plenty of water, but provisions were getting distressingly low, and, worse still, our supply of ammunition could not hold out much longer.

It was a very dejected lot of men that gathered together that August morning in Higgins's, which was our "fort," and discussed the situation. It had come to the pass that, unless help arrived very, very soon, we must manage to get a courier through to the fort—an undertaking that, more than likely, meant death to the man attempting it. In this emergency arose old Bill.

"I'll go—t' night," said he. "I got nobody t' keer f'r me; no chick n'r child. I'm nearly seventy years old, an' not long f'r this world, anyhow. 'Course, I'm a tenderfoot, but I c'n *try* t' git through, anyhow."

It must be confessed, to our everlasting discredit, that we saw the logic of Bill's arguments, and the protests against his proposition were few and insincere. That night, mounted on the best horse in camp, and heavily armed, Bill Ijams went out into the darkness, to give up what remained of his miserable, mistaken life for others.

He must have got lost in the hills that night; for when the reds sighted him, next day, he was only a few miles on his way. He gave them a running fight for several miles, but was finally hit by a stray shot and obliged to seek cover in the rocks. He made a good fight for his ebbing life, as the empty cartridge-shells around the rock where he had sought refuge amply proved.

We found him the second day after he left us, stark naked and horribly mutilated. In his tightly clenched left hand was a scrap of paper, evidently overlooked by his murderers. On it was hastily written:

"Boys: They've got me, and I can see them crawling up. Good-bye.—Bill. P.S.—Just got one. Maybe Nibsy can make a story out of this." . . . .

There was more, but it was undecipherable. I thought that, with his eye on the enemy, he had tried to outline another plot.—From The San Francisco Argonaut.

She—"Who was that lady you just bowed to?"

He—"That was the second wife of the third husband of my first wife."—Fliegende Blaetter.

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EATON'S STORE NEWS

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OUR present showing of Curtains, Draperies, Rugs and Furniture embodies, to a marked degree, the taste and refinement that have helped to make our Home Furnishing Departments the important factor they are to-day, in the beautifying of Toronto homes.

That this store stands for all that is best and most exclusive in Home Furnishings, is proven by our large clientele of regular patrons—people whose selection of a style or an article is in itself sufficient to give that style or article the stamp of public approval—people whose selection of a *store* is sufficient to stamp that store as the proper place to purchase.

The patronage of such people is not to be gained by any haphazard efforts—this store has been privileged to win that patronage by reason of its superior buying resources—facilities that enable us to keep constantly in touch with every varying trend of style and to obtain the most exclusive and desirable novelties that the world's foreign markets afford.

Each year we set ourselves a new mark. Each Autumn we aim to surprise anew those who have learned to appreciate the richness and variety of our home furnishing displays.

Will you come and see the result of the efforts we have put forth for your benefit this season?

Many of our customers avail themselves of the services of the experts we employ, in an advisory capacity, men who will undertake for you the complete decoration and furnishing of a room, or even of an entire house, to conform to any Style or Period you may indicate. The selection—by one who thoroughly understands such matters—of Mural Decorations, Draperies, Rugs, and Furniture, not only relieves the purchaser of much trouble, but ensures accuracy in every detail.

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We will show you, for instance, a Tapestry of Empire design—a design taken from a fragment of the dress of Napoleon's sister, Princess Elisa.

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No. 5119, Gothic design, the original is in an old fortress that dates back to the 11th century. Double-headed eagle in triangle with scroll border and pattern. In sage green, electric blue and crimson, background of gold woven silk.

No. 5125, a very fine silk and linen, with old-time square panel effect. Henry II. style, a copy of material used in state room of Chateau de la Rochelambert. The atmosphere of past centuries is fully retained in this elegant fabric.

No. 5220, an exquisite rose pink moire with oval medallions and wreaths of flowers, a delicate, beautiful effect. The original is in a boudoir of the Chateau de Lude, a very ancient chateau containing valuable treasures and remarkably rich decorations.

No. 3815, a gorgeous flower effect in Louis XIV. design, in profuse coloring, handsomely embossed.

No. 5190, an original brocatel pattern, stands out in bold relief. A beautiful design with gold ground, composed during the last century for the Sultan's palace at Stamboul.

No. 5158, Louis XVI. design, copied from painting on silk tapestries in boudoir of Chateau of Compte de Blacas, a masterpiece of the Renaissance and once belonging to the Bourbons. Has dainty drooping vines and bouquets.

No. 5206, fine silk, Louis XV., striped, with roses and birds, vines or flowers and leaves.

No. 4205, elaborate scroll in Regence design, drooping foliage, large central flower and leaves in many colors.

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Cluny and Italian Fillet Curtains. A pure linen hand-made lace mounted on net or fine linen grounds. A desirable curtain for the living-room or sitting-room. A genuine French Curtain both in make and designs, which are of a novel character and are very attractive as well as the most durable curtain to be had. Prices range from **$5.00** to **$75.00** per pair.

Brussels Curtains. The daintiest of all drawing-room curtains. Made of the finest quality of nets and all designs and delicate tracings being carefully worked by hand, the effect is very handsome. You can make no mistake in choosing a curtain of this make, as the style is always correct. We carry a most complete range, including many pretty floral effects which cannot be duplicated in any other make of curtains. Comes in white only. Prices from **$4.00** to **$60.00** per pair.

Point Venice Curtains. A handsome drawing-room curtain. Designs all carefully worked out by the best artists known to the lace-making trade. The nets used are of extra quality and all the hand-work in the design is very carefully finished, giving this class of curtain a richness in finish and appearance which will be appreciated by our customers desirous of having a richly dressed window decoration. Made in a rich two-toned effect only, of light ivory and a deep cream. Prices range from **$10.00** to **$22.50** per pair.

Connemara Curtains. A genuine Irish hand-made lace mounted on a good quality fine net. All new designs, including pretty insertion and lace edge effects, all very suitable for the dining-room or living-room. We carry this make of curtain in two sizes, the usual size 54 inches by 3½ yards, also a range of sash lengths, 36 inches wide. Color a light linen shade. Prices range from **$6.00** to **$30.00** per pair.

Point Arab Curtains. The correct style and make of curtain for the dining-room or den. A heavy hand-made linen lace mounted on an extra quality French net which is very durable. Made in a linen color only, giving a richness not to be had in any other make of curtain. A very large range of desirable designs in this season's stock. Prices range from **$5.00** to **$40.00** per pair.

Duchess Point Curtains. A full range of new designs in this well-known make of curtains, all of which are dainty and effective. The nets are all of a fine quality and the applique work is all carefully finished. For a moderately priced curtain a selection from this range will give you a very prettily decorated window, either for your drawing-room or sitting-room. Comes in white or ivory. Prices range from **$8.00** to **$15.00** per pair.

Shah Abbas Carpets. A rug resembling the Kerman, excepting that they are somewhat firmer and finer. Orders for special sizes in this quality will take twelve months to produce. A dainty reception-room design in soft shades of rose delicately combined with ivories. Size 5.7 by 7.8, for **$110.00.**

Turcoman Carpets. A close, heavy carpet in shades of blue, terra, greens and browns, 8.6 by 12.5, at **$135.00.**

Serapi Carpet. A fine quality, a rich terra ground with green and blue medallion centre. Size 6 ft. 10 in. by 10 ft. 5 in., for **$97.50.**

Anatolian Carpet, in soft shades of terra and browns combined with blue. Size 7.2 by 9.6, for **$92.50.**

Camel Hair or Hamadan Carpet, in the natural camel hair ground with an overworked damask effect with rich coloring of green, blue and brown in the design. A splendid hard-wearing fabric. Size 10.0 by 14.0, for **$225.00.**

Oriental Rugs, and Modern Rugs and Carpets——

Old Asia has contributed the product of her most expert designers and weavers to the selection of Oriental Rugs gathered together here this Fall.

To the rug connoisseur—the man or woman who has learned what constitutes real beauty and art in floor covering—these offerings will appeal by reason of their really remarkable value.

When you realize the worth of the materials alone that are used in the weaving, and, when you add to that the years of patient labor represented in each rug, and the fact that each one is of a pattern created exclusively for that one piece of gorgeous fabric—then will you understand that our buyers have done their work exceedingly well to enable us to furnish such goods at such prices as we have marked them.

The Rug illustrated here is a beautiful Oriental silk, one of many beautiful Anatolian products in delicate tints. Just the thing for a dainty reception room or boudoir, Prices run from $65 to $135.

PERSIAN RUGS AND CARPETS

Keshan Rugs. Several very handsome pieces, very finely woven, intricate designs, interesting in their wealth of detail. Average size 4 x 6 feet. **$125.00, $145.00, $150.00, $225.00.**

Kermanshah Rugs. These beautiful delicately colored Persian Rugs, resembling a beautiful floral mosaic, are much in demand for occasional drawing-room rugs. Sixty new ones to choose from. Prices **$55.00, $50.00, $65.00, $75.00** and **$85.00.**

Ghiordes Rugs, in the Mecca designs or Prayer Rug pattern, very finely woven and a good reproduction of the antique rugs. Prices, **$35.00** and **$40.00.**

A big selection of Daghistan Runners, from 3 ft. by 9 ft. upwards. These are exceptionally good value and look exceedingly well. Priced **$17.50** to **$35.00.**

Large Kazack Rugs. Scarce goods at present. A splendid lot in all the silky richness of their bold, well-defined patterns. A splendid rug for hall, den or library. Average size 5 by 7½ feet. Priced **$30.00** to **$45.00.**

A huge collection of Caucasian Rugs, in Shirvans, Gheundjes, Cabistans and Kacacks, in tremendous variety. Fully 600 rugs in all. Priced most reasonably and all sorted out for quick showing. Prices, **$17.50, $20.00, $22.50, $25.00, $27.50.**

A mixed collection of Persians, Ferahans, Sarabands and Kelles in very useful sizes, for offices, dens and halls. Sizes from 4.6 by 9.0. Priced **$45.00** to **$125.00.**

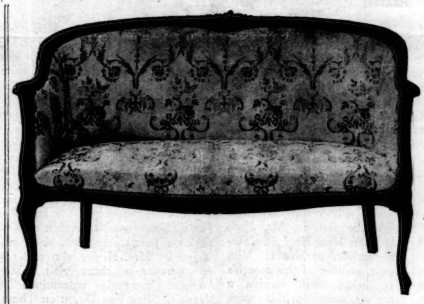
Sarouk Rugs. Several very rich designs in these firm, hard-wearing rugs, very close in pile and very rich in colorings. Priced **$45.00, $55.00** and **$65.00.**

Bokhara and Hatchli-Bokhara Rugs. Several splendid examples of these much-prized rugs with the beautiful bloom on the surface that indicates the good Bokhara. Priced **$22.50** to **$35.00.**

Kirmanshah Carpets. These magnificent Persian Carpets—ideal for drawing-room floor coverings—are strongly represented. The delightful designs and soft colorings are a never-ending pleasure to the eye. A couple of representative sizes and prices: 7.6 by 10.0, **$175.00;** 9.5 by 13.10, **$310.00.**

Meshed Persian Carpets. This heavy, rich fabric of the Khorassan family makes a superb dining-room or library rug. Largely in medallion effects in combinations of blue, red, ivory, gold and black. A couple shown with green grounds. An exceptionally fine and reasonably priced lot has been secured. A sample size and price: 8.6 by 11.3, at **$145.00.**

Afghan or Khiva Carpets. A splendid selection of these thick, silky carpets so rich and restful in their appearance. The simple octagonal designs in soft terras give dignity to the furnishing of reception hall, library or den. These rugs average in size 6.6 by 9.6 and are priced from **$60.00** to **$85.00.**



Special interest attaches to our Furniture Display, by reason of its exemplification of the prevailing tendency toward "Period" designs—such as "Louis," "Heppelwhite" and "Sheraton."

The beautiful Louis XV. design illustrated in this advertisement is an excellent example of this period. Grace and comfort combine in this suite, producing excellent results. Every detail is well executed. The design is adapted from Louis XV. period, the most exquisite and perfect period in the history of furniture in France.

The frames are made of solid Cuban Mahogany of beautiful grain, finely finished. This suite includes Sofa, Arm Chair, **$100.00** and Side Chair, covered in Silk Tapestry. Three pieces for This Suite can be covered in more expensive covering if desired.

FRENCH PARLOR MANTEL CLOCKS

Heavily gold plated frames, combinations of bright burnished and dull effects, with bevelled glass doors side and front, visible movement ..... **$13.00 to $18.50**

Others with fancy enamel dial and pillars, square artistic design ..... **$18.50 to $43.00**

Some with oval glass, bright gold finish ..... **$16.00 to $24.00**

Genuine onyx base and top, a most beautiful clock, fitted with highest grade French movement ..... **$28.00, $32.00 and $55.00**

Draperies, Curtains and Rugs on Third Floor

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

Furniture on Fourth Floor

Clocks, Main Floor, Yonge Street